the

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THREE POEMS.

by Bryher.

I

OUTSIDE TROY.

Greek horses
have broken the orchard,
fruits honey
the manes of the colts.

Chestnut flanks
in the wilder marshes
smell of pears
and the trampled oats.

Spiral shells
and a heavy anchor
rust the grass
near a useless buoy,

where the sharp teeth
of the baggage ponies
grind up apples
meant for Troy.

II

BEAUTIFUL ARROWS.

Beautiful arrows—
you were made to race the wind,
to build cliffs with your falling
and new islands.

Reed of your shafts
is the Phoenicean music,
sharper than wishes
gull-blue and unanswered.

Beautiful arrows,
loosed to the south and lost
after your first song,
why did you follow the ships?

III

FLINTS.

Up on the scarp of the hill
hammer stones grind ;
chips of arrow and flint
fall seaward.

Wishes, wishes,
tossed into the surf
with rind and egg-blue pebbles...
with never an oar to burst
the crack of bone
or thud of tools on stone.

Shall I never see the coast
rise as the gull rises
from the prow-blue sea ?
A new city,
a new beach ?
Shall I listen always to the clack
of flint, of stone ?
cawing of winter birds,
plop of the seal ?

Each year a thousand wishes,
each year a thousand arrows,
and no answer
to my dream of sails and gates...

it is a long while
since the ships were gone.

THREE POEMS.

By Baronin Elsa Von Freytag-Loringhoven.

NOVEMBERTAG

Gold kalt
Dunst blau—

An
Pappeln—:

Grün metall
Totenschau—

Letzter—
Blätter.

BARONIN ELSA VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN

NOVEMBERDAY

Gold cold—
Dust blue—

On
Poplars ;
Green metal
Death show

Last
Leaves.

ENCHANTMENT

Here
crawls
moon—
—
Out
of
this
Hole

out
of
this
hole—
—
slips
moon —

out
of
this
cloudhole
Traditional
she
points
Lightdipped
toetips.
shrill
insectchimes

turn
me
Rigid.

THE GARDEN

by Dorothy Richardson.

There was no one there. The sound of feet and no one there. The gravel stopped making its noise when she stood still. When the last foot came down all the flowers stood still.

Pretty *pretty* flowers. Standing quite still, going on being how they were when no one was there. No one knew how they were when they stood still. *They* had never seen them like this, standing quiet all together in this little piece.

They were here all the time, happy and good when no one was here. They knew she was happy and good. Feeling shy because they knew it. They all put their arms round her without touching her. Quickly. And went back, sitting in the sun for her to look at.

She could see the different smells going up into the sunshine. The sunshine smelt of the flowers.

The bees had not noticed her. They were too busy. Zmm. Talking about the different colours coming out at the tops of the stalks. Keeping on making dark places in the air as they crossed the path. Some standing on their hind legs just as they were choosing which flower.

Some of the flowers seemed not so nice. As she looked at them they quickly said they loved her and were nice.

A little flower looking out from several all alike. Being different. A deep Sunday colour. Too deep. The sun did not like it so much. The sun liked the blue and pink best. This piece of garden was the blue and pink and

all their many leaves. Poor leaves. Perhaps they wanted to be flowers...

Wherever she looked she could see this one different flower, growing taller. It was Nelly on a stalk. She went nearer to see if it would move away. It stood still, very tall. Its stalk was thin. She put her face down towards it to keep it down. It had a deep smell. She touched it with her nose to smell more. It kissed her gently, looking small. A tiny plate, cut into points all round the edge. Perhaps now it would go away.

"Dear little flower".

It knew all about the other part of the garden. The bent-over body of Minter. The little thrown marrow had hit him. He had not minded. Old Minter alone with the Ghost.

The smell of the dark pointed trees in the shrubbery. Raindrops outside the window falling down in front of the dark pointed trees. The snow-man alone on the lawn, after tea, with a sad slanted face.

Shiny apples on the trees on Sunday with pink on one side.

The slippery swing seat, scrubby ropes, tight. Tummy falling out, coming back again high in the air...

The apples were near this part. In the sun. Where the cowslip balls hung in a row on the string.

It was safe out here with the flowers. Nothing could come here, on the path between the two sides coming down at their edges in little blues sitting along the path with small patted leaves. All making a sound. They liked to bulge out over the warm yellow gravel, like a mess.

Far away down the path where it was different It could come. It could not get here. The flowers kept it away. It was always in other parts of the garden. Between the rows of peas. Always sounding in the empty part at the end.

Outside the garden it was dark and cold. Spring-heeled Jack jumped suddenly over the hedges. The

old woman with the basket, watching up the drive. Perhaps the flowers would always keep them away now.

Perhaps if she went back now the flowers would follow her. She turned right round and ran. They did not come. Panting came at once. The big path by the lawn ached with going so fast. In front were the pointed trees sitting on the piece of lawn that came out and made the path narrow. Just round the corner, soon, just past the bit of the house that had no window, was the stable and the back porch. Coming. There they were. There were a few little flowers by the back porch, cook's flowers, not able to get away into the garden. Not able to go inside the kitchen. They were always frightened. They made the panting worse.

Bang. The hard gravel holding a pain against her nose. Someone calling. She lay still hoping her nose would be bleeding to make them sorry. Here was crying again. Coming up out of her body, into her face, hot, twisting it up, lifting it away from the gravel to let out the noise. Someone would come, not knowing about the flowers; the pretty, pretty flowers. The flowers were unkind, staying too far off to teli them how happy and good she was.

MARC KRANZ

by Nathan Asch.

An unfamiliar heavy voice answered to his ring :

— Hello.

— Glymmer Read ?

— Not any more.

He damned the kidder. He always hated those clever fellows. Trying to deepen their shallowness.

Since he was in a hurry.—The transaction depended on speed—he quickly announced his name, and asked for Mr. Read.

— Oh, the poet, answered what he recognised as Charlie's voice. Well, its all over, kid.

What the devil did he mean ?

— I mean, its busted. Its bankrupt, said Charlie's irritated voice. The games over. Its up. You can go back to your garret and write your poetry.

That was how he discovered that the firm had failed.

Now he was sitting on a subway seat, in a train that crawled, wheezed and stopped at every turn, a train that would never reach its destination. The passengers around him wore unconcerned faces, as if the world had not come to an end. And the girl in front of him, with her legs crossed too high, a girl that he would at any other time have tried to become acquainted with, looked at him as she would have looked under any other circumstances. And in spite of the failure, in spite of everything having tumbled around him, he measured her with his eyes, and tried to judge her amiability. And he was furious at

himself for doing it, it was laughing at a god's funeral, still he could not control himself. And partly he was glad that this girl was in front of him, because he wouldnt think of what was in store for him, until he actually knew what had happened.

The girl showed more of her flesh-coloured stocking, and as if unconcernedly looked at him to see the effect. And he had the curious temptation to leave the train at the station she left it, and to stop her as they were going out, and ask her to dinner, and later maybe... He was shocked at himself for even thinking of it. But still he wasnt quite sure that he was incapable of doing it. And possibly he might. It would be a new thing. A thing never thought of. A new sensation. To convince a girl, while in a dozen homes people bemoaned that they had ever met you. Love on ruins. Decadence.

Then he remembered Mrs. Collins and her little grandson George to whom he always brought chocolate when he came to see his grandmother. It was good business. It made the old lady attached to him, gave her confidence in him.

— Mr. Kranz, if they told me you were an escaped convict, I still wouldnt lose my trust in you. In spite of everything Id think you were honest.

Strange soul, she was. When Zuckor had at first sent him to see her, in response to an inquiry, she had been distrustful, had told him all Wall Street was composed of crooks, and she would trust no one. Her husband had died early, and had left her an undeveloped coal mine, and she had spent her life developing it, until it proved immensely profitable. Her married daughter had died, and had left her a little boy, and she had sold her property and had come to New York to educate him. And after long persuasion, she consented to speculate ; she wanted George rich. And they had speculated, she had gained money and lost it, but her confidence never diminished.

He laughed. He wondered what she should say when she heard the news. Would she still protest his innocence,

and her faith in him, now?—Id stick with you to the end, she had said. Would she?

The train stopped again. They were near Chambers Street, and soon they would be at Wall Street. And then he would rush to the office, and would discover... That he did not know. He did not know what would happen. He knew he was sitting in a train, going toward the office where he was employed as a salesman; that the office had failed, and that all his customers had lost their money. That it was all over. The games up, Charlie had said. He was to go home and write his poetry.

Chatterton, he said. Starve in a garret amid an indifferent world.

Yes, he said. But not now. Not in America. Not to-day. You dont starve. You can work, you can gain money. Money and women and liquor. And then you can go home and write your verses. Feverish verses. Write of railroads, and of coal mines, and of sweat shops. And how the blood beats faster to the tune of a ticker. And of the subway train that hums any song you want it to. Of stupid people creating marvellous things. Of virtue that dreams of white thighs. Of virtue that dreams of white thighs and of passionate embrace. Religion that lies and deceives. Charity that gives the tenth of what it seized. Of might. Of power.

Then the guard cried out Wall Street, and he went out of the car.

And when he had climbed to the street and found himself in the shadow of the great masses of steel and marble, among other people that hurried, he felt exuberant. That was what he would write of. Of people marking little bits of paper that made railroads rise, and gave birth to cities. Of signatures that enriched or reduced to beggary. Not of flowers, nor of bees, nor of the smell of the honeysuckle, but of things as they are. As they must be.

And so when he had left the elevator at his floor, and was nearing the door of his office, he was happy. What did a failure mean? A few people would lose their

jobs. A few people would lose their money. That was all.

But the mass of wires where the ticker had been and the disorder in the outer office disconcerted him. And more yet did Volpe, the Italian grocer, who came toward him as soon as he had closed the door. Volpe had a strange look on his face.

— Mr. Kranz, what is this? What does it mean?

— I dont know, Mr. Volpe, Marc told him hurriedly. I just came in myself.

— But my money...

— Everything will be all right, Marc assured him. Just let me go to see Mr. Read.

He went into the inner office, and knocked at Read's door, and the junior partner let him in.

— Mr. Read, what is this?

— Oh, nothing, Kranz. Just a little unpleasantness.

This was no answer to give. And the thing had to be settled. He wasnt going to lose all his customers; they had cost him too much effort. And Volpe waiting outside.

— Mr. Read, Id like to ask you a question. Do you think everybody will be paid off in full?

— Kranz, I can guarantee a hundred cents on the dollar.

He went out. Read was lying, but what was the good of talking? What could he do with this man?

There was Volpe. The same look.

— Mr. Kranz...

— Its not my fault, Mr. Volpe. I dont know anything about this. You see...

Volpe looked at him as if he were going to spit venom into his face, and cried:

— You crook.

Oh, God!

— Youre a crook. A rotten, good for nothing crook. You stole my money. I dont know nothing about this man. It was you who took it. My money, that I worked for. I dont eat. My wife dont eat. My children dont eat. We keep our money. You steal it. Youre a crook.

My wife dont eat. My children dont eat. Youre a crook, Marc was softly chanting to himself as he walked up-town. I dont know nothing about this man.

Sentiment. Why should he care whether Volpe's wife ate? Or even Volpe's children? What had he to do with them?

He went to Volpe's house. Volpe did not want to buy bonds. He talked to Volpe. Honeyed tongue. Volpe bought bonds. The firm failed. Volpe's children did not eat.

But was it his fault that the firm had failed? Had he known anything about it? Had he gained anything out of it?

And then why the devil should he excuse himself? Even had he arranged the failure, had he gained by it, it was his own affair. It was chance. Volpe's chance. Every man to himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

He was not a charity organization. Nor was he a philanthropist. He wanted to write, and needed to support himself while doing it. The ends justifies the means.

He wanted to write verses, and he needed to earn the most money in the least time. And nobody could stop him doing it. He refused to starve. Let others starve. And if he could not support himself, he was going to let others support him.

Besides he had seen Volpe's children. They were a filthy crowd of brats, that wallowed in the fish of their father's store, and whenever he came in to see the grocer they begged him for a penny. And to stop for such filth?

He was on West Street now, among the docks, crowded with ships and with merchandise. Around him great motor trucks, Wagons with tremendous horses. Drivers swearing. People shouting. The smell of goods, of water and of ships, mixed with the stench of horse dung. It exhilarated him. He forgot the failure, and Volpe, and Volpe's children, and walked happy. Then he saw in one of the docks an old abandoned vessel. He climbed it, sat on a box on the deck and looked around him. And he saw life, the feverish moving life of the water ways,

and, beyond it, the steadier life of the city, symbolized by the steel giants, and by the thundering L trains that rushed through its body and fed it. And fascinated he watched, and through his mind ran a rhapsody of strength and of speed.

The sun set over the smoke stacks of Jersey. It became darker. A haze of smoke hung about the city. Lamps were lit. The trucks and the wagons slowly disappeared, and people came out on the streets and walked a slower pace.

That was what he would write of. People working hard, and living hard, and loving hard. Everything done with all the forces possible. Living a full life, with no half way emotions, without sentiment. Separate people didnt count. What was the suffering of a man to the life of a city? Individuals could not stop the progress, the effort of all.

And then he wondered. As he sat there on the deck of the abandoned vessel watching the city resting, he wondered whether he meant all this. And he asked himself, deeply into himself, whether he believed it. Whether the accomplishment of many was worth the suffering of a few. Whether to be able to create beautiful thoughts, he could ruin another, who in a crowd, counted for nothing.

And he wasnt sure. Somehow he couldnt explain it. He could not put it into words. But when he had asked himself, in himself, whether it could be done, he was certain it couldnt. There was no reason for it. There were no words for it. It may have been the false atmosphere he had been brought up in, or the few remaining conventionalities that mentally he despised, but emotionally he had to accept. And although he was angry at himself for doing it, although he was sure he could not accept anything he could not explain, still he could not. It nauseated him. It was like homosexualism: there was nothing wrong in it, but still it disgusted him.

And he tried to find an answer to it. He felt that when he could dispose of it, the problem would be settled. He could do anything then, he wanted to do.

He had no prejudice against lying, against stealing. He would do the one as well as the other, if there were no restraining fear, no fear of being captured and punished. There was no question of a conscience there. No conscience existed.

But when he pictured to himself the people he had wronged, when he visualized the regrets, the sorrows, when he saw Mrs. Collins who was ruined, and her grandson who would be obliged to work, when he saw Volpe's children deprived of food, he felt there was something wrong. He had no pity on little George, why he, himself, had worked ever since he had left school, and he knew that it wasnt due to Volpe's goodness that the Italian was saving money: it was more of a racial habit, that the Italian could not control. But still there was something wrong. The thing shouldnt be. It was. But it shouldnt.

And he knew that unless he solved this problem, he would have no more peace. The thing would annoy him. It would persecute him. He needed peace of mind. He couldnt have those infernal filthy kids of Volpe eternally before his eyes. He had to be sanguine and calm. He needed to think. Had to feel himself master of all these people to be able to sing of their dreams, of their ideals.

And he didnt want to suffer while doing it. He didnt want to starve, be one of those long and pale faced shadows that glimmer by as if from another world. He wanted to live, live as the others, enjoy life as the others. Have a clear mind like they.

And what did they do? Did they have a quiet mind while living on the good they had taken from others? Did they see little George and Volpe's children? Did it annoy them? Could they enjoy themselves while seeing them?

They could. They did not think. They had no imagination, no power to feel what others felt. It was he who could feel those things. It was he who could picture

to himself the emotions of others, of people whom he created in his mind. That was why he thought he could write. That was why he wanted to be a poet.

And he sat there pondering over the question, trying to find a solution to it, an answer that would give him peace of mind, that would allow him to feel calm and inclusive.

The night was warm, and a slight haze hung about the city, setting the contours of it in bas-relief. Lights hung here and there. A policeman's night stick was heard as it struck a closed shutter. The shriek of a belated tug that hurried down the river with a blinding glare. A rare L train thundered through the bowels of the city. A motor truck rumbled on the uneven pavement. The rest quiet, just a few lights and quiet. The city was asleep.

And Marc sat there on the deck of the old ship, and he tried to answer his questions, and was unable to find an answer to them.

And then he began to think that possibly Charlie had been right, unconsciously right, when he had made the remark over the telephone. Go back to the garret, and write your poetry he had said. Possibly that was the answer to it. To view the city and the life from far off, objectively, not mixed in it, nor as a part of it, but retired from it, looking at it from away. And forgetting material things. Forgetting the daily food and the comfort, and women. Forgetting common joys aad common life. A modern hermit living in the desert of a great city.

And he began to dream of a garret somewhere in the city, high up, from where he could see the entire city, the life of all of it. Where he could stay and sing of the people that crowd the streets below of the great buildings downtown, of the smoke stacks in Jersey. And not dependent on it, he would be the master of all of it.

He would sing a song of speed, of energy, in which would be mixed the automobile horns, and the tick-tick of the ticker. It would be full of blows from the boxer's

glove, and of hits from the bat of the ball player, and of the noise of a policeman's stick as it strikes the head of a wayward drunk. The bums that throw stones at premature straw hats. The voluptuous dances of the whores in Broadway cabarets, and the obscene dances of the nigger whores in Harlem dives. The afternoon teas in Fifth Avenue hotels. The strange sight of sinners going to church on Sunday, coming out purified and righteous. Of the dance of sex. The dance of money. The dance of life. New York would shout through this. It would cry through it. It would live through it.

And then he laughed. And the same New York that he would sing of, would destroy him. It brooked anything but difference. It allowed everything in secrecy, but nothing in the open. He would be the common enemy, the enemy of Irish policemen, and of the Jew tailors, and of the English bankers, of the whores of all nations, and of the pastors of all nations. He would be preventing their life. And he would be suppressed. He would be forced to compromise.

He wanted success. He wanted recognition. He wanted to be cried over and marvelled over. He wanted to be adulated and encouraged and admired. People should bend their knees to him. He was a prophet. He was showing them their destinies, their road to the future.

And he could do nothing. He could not revolt, he could not shout. They would look at him with stupid expressions on their faces and inanely grin. He would be a curiosity, a freak. Look at the guy, aint he queer. Hes one of them Bolshevik ginks, I guess. Free love. And whats yours is mine, and mine is mine own. A nut. Stock Salesman Scorns Sex Shackles. Debauches youth. Damned foreigner. Go back where you came from.

A line of grey shadows was moving from the south. The charwomen who had finished cleaning the offices downtown, were going home, and one by one they dropped through the openings at the bottom of the tenements. The milk train rumbled in, and with a loud noise the

cans were transferred into horse wagons that rattled off. A light appeared. The sky back of the office buildings was purple, that dissolved into rose. The first ferry with its great eye searching the city, shrieked in the dock, and a few passengers dispersed into the streets. A motor truck roared. The light in an early lunch room was lit, and the proprietor in a white apron came to the front to remove the garbage cans. More lights. The sky was brighter. The water of the Hudson changed from black to blue. Then a white foam appeared as a tug ripped though the water. A baby cried somewhere. Another store opened. Then another. The ferry left for Jersey. The noise became louder, a dull throbbing that came from everywhere. The baby kept on crying. A telephone was heard. A door opened, and a housewife, head covered with shawl, shuffled into a nearby store. A moment later she came out with a package under her arm. In a room facing the Hudson, a man and awoman were embracing for the last time. People appeared on the street. A taxi hurried by. Another motor truck. Another trolley. A line of laborers, spades clinking, came out. Through the slight mist the sun shone, red, hot, molten. The steel giants on the right were shadows. More people More noise. Motor trucks thundering. Sirens shrieking. A loud laugh. The baby cried. An alarm clock. Another. Yet another. More lights. More people. More ferries. The air hot, dry, dusty. Children playing. A subway station nearby swallowed and spat out black masses, that were sometimes tinted with red or green. The docks opened. Then a postman with a bag came. Lunch rooms full. The air clearer. It became stuffier. The lights in the windows went out, and the windows became black. Noise. People. Light. The city was awake.

Marc rose from the box he had been sitting on, and slowly walked toward his home. His mind was made up. He was going away. Away... to Paris..

JULY

by John Dos Passos.

The mare's feet sloshed in Devil's Run; the buggy-wheels grated in the wet sandbed. With the flat of a rein Jimmy Herf neatly stunned a horsefly that poised with quivering wings above the curve of her rump. The mare tossed her head and stopped. "Cripes she's going to balk". As he leaned over to flick her with the ends of the reins, the lemoncool scent of magnolia from the swamp filled his nostrils. Three little colored girls in pink gingham dresses who were hopping across the stepping stones on black spidery legs looked at him out of eyes white as magnolia flowers as they grinned past the buggy. A whif of choky woman-smell came from them that tuned with the gruff undertone of marsh-water and rotten wood. Jimmy sniffed trying to catch the magnolia scent again. Just the place for the fool mare to balk. He clacked the reins desperately on her back until with a peevish twist of the ears she started dragging up the hill. He had already caught sight through the alders of the gable of Ole Man Oatley's store ornamented with its blue Duke's Mixture sign when the mare made a sudden crabwise leap to the side of the road. "Whoa!" Jimmy yanked on the reins. The mare stopped dead. "Dam these horseflies... Giddap old girl." The mare didn't budge. Gosh she's balked again. Why the hell did Owen hitch up this golblamed yellowbellied crosseyed...? And of course he forgot to put the whip in. I'll tell him a few things when I get home. Sweat pouring off him Jimmy

put one foot over the front of the buggy and kicked at the mare's hind legs. She was grazing placidly and every now and then gave him a look out of a bulging eye as if to say "Well whatcher goin to do about it?" "Giddap" shrieked Jimmy almost crying. The mare went on grazing with her ears back against her head. Jimmy skinned a knuckle against the buckle of the reins and stopped beating a moment to suck it ruefully. A little barelegged girl with stringy sunbleached hair was climbing out through the alders into the sunlight of the road, two little girls, four, a drove of them giggling and tittering in calico dresses washed colorless; Ole Man Oatley's daughters were swarming around the buggy. "Woan he go?" "Put sand in his mouf." "Light a fire under his tail." "Is he balky?" "Hand me that stick please somebody," screamed Jimmy, scalding red in the face and neck. "He'll kick." "Git out an' lead him." "Giddap there horsey." The shrill voices of the Oatley girls were like hornets round Jimmy's head. The stick broke off in his hand. "I'll go git Dad," finally said the oldest girl, scornfully. "You won't never do nothin with that there mare." Jimmy sat back helpless while the six remaining little girls stood round staring at him. In Egypt, Jimmy was thinking, there were no buggies; the rowers sang as they pulled on the long sweeps of the dahabieh. But, with his spade-shaped beard stuck out ahead of him, Ole Man Oatley was coming down the road. Jimmy stopped struggling and waited. Only a couple of months longer to stay in this place anyhow, after that college, riding a motorcycle. *And the lovely Kathleen Cranmer was striding by his side... went riding by his side.* The mare grazed.

Ole Man Oatley had brought a whip. He stood looking at Jimmy and the mare and the buggy with his arms crossed over his chest where the open shirt showed a triangle of red flannel undershirt blurred by the curly mass of his beard. Thoughtfully he shot a jet of tobaccojuice to the right and the left; then he said in his mahogany voice "Ah reckon ye better let me drive that hoss up to

the stoa." "That'ld be very kind of you, Mr. Oatley," said Jimmy in a humble tone. "You stand at her head Ah'm a goin to tickle her old backside." Jimmy jumped down and took jingerly hold of the bit that was foamy with yellow slather. "We're going to settle you, old girl." The mare drew back her black floppy lip uncovering corncolored teeth. Jimmy looked scaredly in the wild black bubble of her eye. "Hold her now boy," Ole Man Oatley bellowed through his beard. The whip swished and lashed along the mare's neck, narrowly missing Jimmy's head. "Look out she'll kick." "I ain't agoin to give her no chance to kick," boomed Oatley lashing the mare's flanks. The mare gave another sideways jump like a caught fish, shook her head free of Jimmy's shaky hand and started at a jogtrot up the hill. Jimmy followed dragging his feet, shamefacedly. The giggling squealing rout of the little Oatley girls tagged behind him.

A soggy smell of lampoil and bacon and old grocery cases hovered about the store porch where a colored man in blue jeans stood with his head back drinking a bottle of pink soda. After tying the mare to the hitchingpost Ole Man Oatley spat and stalked into the store. Jimmy followed in time to see him disappear behind the roll top desk in the tangled obscurity beyond the hardware counter. "Hello Bowie," Jimmy said to a vacant-faced youth who sprawled over the counter beside the glass case, flyspecked and duststreaked, that held the candy. "Hello Jimmy, hows things?" said Bowie without moving a muscle. "O all right I guess... I've got a list of things Mrs. Harland wants." Jimmy fumbled in the back pocket of his khaki trousers. "Here it is." Bowie spread the list out on the counter and stared at it scratching the top of his cropped bullethead with stubby fingers. Jimmy's eyes roamed along the festoons of gummed tape where caught flies whined droningly, then followed the jerky chaos of box ends the length of the shelves till they found themselves staring into the cardboard eyes of the Hind's Root Beer ad. "Ah reckon ah'll have to ast Ole Man

bout them pickles an Heintz Spagetti... Ah kin git yer the balance of it." "All right Bowie and will you get me a package of... er... cigarettes for myself..." "What kind yer want?" Jimmy blushed scarlet. "What kind do you smoke Bowie?" "Piedmonts is a good cigarette," drawled Bowie producing a package unexpectedly from under the counter. Jimmy opened it, trying to keep his fingers from trembling, lit a match recklessly on the seat of his pants. But Bowie hadn't seen him, was already shuffling back towards Ole Man Oatley's desk. The smoke was bitter in his mouth; but it rose in a crinkly whisp from his fingers, blue against the whiteviolet July sunlight that shoved a hard piston into the packed jumbled darkness of the store. "Gosh I'm sick of coming to this stinking place every day," he was thinking, and looked bitterly at the brass cuspidore that stood decorated with brown dripping tobaccojuice and exhausted quids at the edge of the sunlight. Only July and August and everything would be different. *Throwing away his cigarette with a gesture of irrevocable passion, he looked into her eyes... And the lovely Kathleen Cranmer went riding by his side.*

He threw the cigarette into the cuspidore, it was awful bitter, and started filling his arms with the canned goods and crackerboxes that Bowie had piled on the counter beside him. With his chin stuck into the loaf of bread that topped the pyramid he walked with cautious steps out to the buggy. "Ah'll bring you out the coaloil," Bowie shouted after him. *And the lovely Kathleen Cranmer lay panting in his arms.* "Ah doan reckon she'll balk on ye goin home will she Jimmy?" said Bowie and grinned as he jerked up a hand in farewell before he went back into the store." "Hope the horseflies just perforate her like a seive," muttered Jimmy savagely as he jerked the mare's head to the left down the hill. Just before it was hidden by the alder scrub he caught a glimpse of the Oatley's peeked house with its scrollsaw porch and Mrs. Oatley cabbageshaped and breathless standing between the two tubs of geraniums of the front walk and shooing

a flock of young turkeys off the road with a palmleaf fan. The little turkeys longnecked and washedoutlooking made him think of the little Oatley girls whose adenoidal voices he could hear peeping querulously from behind the house.

There were cardinalflowers blooming along Devil's Run and a lemony coolness of magnolias stole through the smell of the harness and the groceries. *They would sit at the base of a magnolia that was like beaten silver under the moon and he would watch her slender throat while she sang... And the lovely Kathleen Cranmer lay quiet in his arms.*

Jimmy was hoeing the sweet corn in the vegetable garden. The sun, melting in a glary white sky like a piece of butter in a fryingpan, beat on his sweaty shoulders and tangled in bluish gleams among the droughtcrinkled leaves of the corn. Beyond the cornstalks Owen Thompson's blue overalls knelt beside a row of beets. Jimmy could see his brown knotty hands crawling like animals among the red leaves as he thinned the row.

"If this drought doan end in a day or two, there ain't goin to be nauthin fitten to eat in this here giarden," the voice came drawlingly from under the bellshaped straw hat that hid Owen's face. "We ought to have irrigation," said Jimmy, hoeing away. "Thet's what Ole Man Oatley said when he was puttin the well down down to the pint," said Owen and then his voice broke and he began to laugh. Jimmy could see his ribs shaking under the wet blue workshirt. "What's so awful funny about that?" "Ah was juss thinkin." "What were you thinking Owen?" Jimmy leaned on his hoe licking a row of little blisters on the palm of his hand. Owen got to his feet and leaned across the cornstalks bringing his bulbous longnosed face, in which two shifty little blue eyes twinkled waggishly, close to Jimmy's. "Promise ye won't tell?" "Sure."

"Well Jimmy it's thisaway... Though Ole Man Oatley's allus been fair and square with me an Ah owe him right smart on ma stoa account an doan believe in tellin tales noway. Ah'll tell you Jimmy Ole Man Oatley's gettin

away with a powerful lot in this country..." "How's that?" "Well it's thisaway... When Rattler and me and the wagon went to git them seed pertaters down Adam Silver's place, Ah didn't make much noise drivin' counta the grass bein long in the lane... Ah didn't notice nauthin at first cause I was watchin a covey o' partridges in the cloverfield an what d'ye think Ah seen when Ah pulled up Rattler by the back doa? There they was on the back stoop, Ole Man Oatley an Hepsy Silver, an her as homely as a mud fence too..." Owen drew an arm across his sweaty forehead knocking his hat off with the gesture. He stooped slowly to pick it up. "Well," said Jimmy. "Well Sir," said Owen, "warn't that somethin? An him a churchmember, an deacon o' Carmel church asettin with his shoes off and his suspenders down in broad daylight next to another man's wife with her hair all messy an everythin. There ain't been nauthin lake it in the Northern Neck o' Vaginia since ole Toby Viler was shot in Fredericksburg. Ah was right smart embarrassed breakin in lake that Ah kin tellyer, so Ah says, Ah came to git them seed pertaters marm. An she says, go over an git 'em outen the barn Owen. Ah reckon you kin find 'em, there in the stall where we used to keep the muley cow that died. An Ah says Howdy Mr. Oatley and he says how he's down fixing up Adam Silver's well and Yes she chimes in all eagerlake ma husband had to go up to Baltimore to git his teeth pulled, and the pump ain't been workin well since, so Ole Man Oatley had to come over and fix it."

Jimmy started hoeing again so that Owen should not see that he was blushing. "And he's such a respectible kind of a man. He's always talking about God to Aunt Emily when she goes up to the store." "An he wears a black cutaway Sundays lake a preacher," broke in Owen wheezing with laughter, "but that doan mean he doan carry on weekdays... Ma soul an body... Adam Silver's pump!" Still wheezing and cackling he squatted beside the row of beets again and went on thinning.

Hammering the dry clods recklessly with the back of the hoe Jimmy moved off towards the other end of the garden. He didn't want to hear any more. *Spurning the coarse laughter of the cornfields they rode up through the oakwoods to the timber line. There beside an abandoned hut they found a spring like a silver bowl. The lovely Kathleen Cranmer jumped from her horse, stooped and offered him water in the ivory cup of her long white hands. Laughing he flung his arms about her.* A cornstalk, its roots cut by Jimmy's frantic hoeing, swayed and sagged over across his feet. Damnation. He looked out of the corner of an eye to see if Owen were looking and then piled earth round the tottering stalk and tramped it hard.' Maybe it'll grow... *Offered him water in the ivory cup...*

"Jimmee!" came a musically pitched voice from the house. Hell... "Yes Aunt Emily," he called. "Jimmee I've got a little chore for you to do!" "All right Aunt Emily, I'm coming."

"And Jimmy you must teach her how to swim." "Well I'll try," began Jimmy uneasily. "Oh yes you won't be afraid with him Kitty, he's really a very good swimmer." Aunt Emily sat on the beach with her fluffy silver and gold hair spread out over the bath towel that covered her shoulders. A palmleaf fan balanced in one hand kept the sun off her little porcelainclear face where the sharp wrinkles had not yet done more than accent the smooth satisfied contours. Kitty's red hair was tied up in a blue bandana. She and Jimmy stood looking at each other up to their knees in water. "Well first you'ld better come out a little further," said Jimmy. "I don't want to get my hair wet," said Kitty. "Go ahead, the breast stroke, first," placidly shouted Aunt Emily from the beach.

First he tried putting his hand under her chin, but somehow her head always got under water and she came up pink and freckled and spluttering. "Don't lemme get out too far," she said over and over again in a little fluttering voice. He left her standing forlorn and swam

around her, rolling in the water like a porpoise and shouting now and then, "Why it's easy as pie." Then he tried again starting her off with his hand under her chin. At length he said, "Look spose I try holding you round the middle, maybe it'll go better." Kitty flopped obediently into his arms and began swimming with short determined jabs. He held her skirt bunched in one hand and put the other under her. The young bulge of her breast against his arm made his heart thump terribly fast. "Goes fine this way, doesn't it Kitty?" They moved slowly along the beach, she making the motions of swimming, he supporting her.

"Better come in now," called Aunt Emily in silvery tones from the beach where she stood with a kimona over her bathing clothes and a red parasol over her head. "Just Kitty, I mean, it's time for her to lay the table for lunch."

Kitty lost her balance, her face went under, bubbles came up from it and she was kicking and struggling in Jimmy's arms. He hoisted her up to the surface, drew her to him, his arms tightening about her in spite of himself. Her wet hair was over her face. She broke away from him saying politely, "Thank you for the swimming lesson," and he swam out, his heart bouncing in his chest, thrashing the water with his arms. The bay was grey glassy under the noon calm. By the stakes of the fishing nets the water was jade green when you looked down, blue when you looked towards the bay, grey in polished flinty stillness toward the white beach and the pines. *And they swam out with strong even strokes, far out into the bay until they felt a sandbar under their feet and stood holding each others hands looking into each others eyes. Kathleen he said. His own face stared at him out of the black mirrors of her pupils. Jim,* . no . *Eric, she said and saw her fair face in his eyes.* Gee suppose I got a cramp. Fear suddenly stiffened his muscles. No it was just imagination. But lunch... He was suddenly very hungry and swimming comfortably on his back with the water slushing about his ears he made for the shore.

The sun trod a citrous lilting smell out of the pines. Above the scrape of the buggywheels they could hear the clitterclatter of locusts and the buzsaw whine of cicadas as they drove through dry deserted lanes festooned with wild grape where occasional trumpet flowers glowered dark vermillion against the porcelain sky.

"July's the finest month in the year," Jimmy kept saying and flicking the whip gaily above the sorrel's head. "I don't like it," insisted Maisie Merivale in a whining voice, "Everything's so hot and sticky and horrid. I like spring when things are soft and pretty." "O spring's all right I guess," said Jimmy, "but you can't go in swimming." "You could if you had the nerve... Did I tell you that James had won the boy's tennis championship at Mt. Kineo? A silver cup, isn't it heavenly? James is the best athlete of all the cousins, isn't he Jimmy?" "Well I guess he is." "O I didn't mean better'n you Jimmy," said Maisie giving him a sidelong glance from under her wide straw hat. "He's better than me all right... Look Maisie, over that persimmon bush, that's a hummingbird, a rubythroated hummingbird." "How heavenly. Think of it. That's the first hummingbird I ever saw. When we were visiting the Eldridges they had a Packard and we went on the most heavenly picnics and we saw a scarlet tanneger once."

A claxton was squalking behind them, Jimmy drew the sorrel in towards the side of the road. "Hurry up," shouted Aunt Emily as the car passed, "or we'll eat everything up!" "Hear that boy," said Jimmy flicking his whip. "O this dust is choking me... Jimmy I can't understand how Aunt Emily consents to be driven around in that little rattletrap Ford just like a farmer's wife. I think it's undignified even if she is my aunt."

Loose boards rattled under them as they crossed a milky creek with white clay banks full of falsecotton bushes. From the gumtrees beyond came a parliamentary cawing of crows. "O this is a scary bridge. Do drive carefully, Jimmy." "I can't make him go slower than walk, Maisie.

I just love this creek dont you." "Did you know, Jimmy, that James had been voted the most popular boy at Kineo, too. He's just won everything. Isn't it heavenly? And he's only seventeen!" Jimmy was silent. *Far down the road the crowds began to cheer. The winners of the Marathon race were nearing the tape. James Herf gathering his strength into one final spurt won the race and fell senseless at her feet.* "I'm seventeen, too," he said abruptly.

Wind and seagulls crying and white horses rank upon rank rising against the curve of the beach out of the indigo bay. Flutter of waxed paper from round sandwiches. Fried chicken crunchy in the sunlight. They were sitting on rugs and on the seats of the Ford under a huge pine at the edge of the beach. "I bet we take home some chiggers from this," Uncle Jeff was saying. He wore goldrimmed spectacles and kept bobbing his bald head to keep the sun out of his eyes. "Now don't go kicking sand all over the place, Jimmy," cried Aunt Emily snatching up a tray full of food and holding it out of harm's way. "You are the wigglyest boy." Jimmy blushed and buried his face in a marmelade sandwich. "What we need, Emily," finally announced Uncle Jeff talking through an upper joint, "is a watermelon." "But isn't it right early for watermelons." said Mrs. Chadwick, frailly. "Is awsome in Mrs. Thing's patch..." "Mrs. Jones", corrected Aunt Emily. "Yes, in Mrs. Jones' patch," went on Uncle Jeff. "Here Jimmy, you take this half a dollar and go over with Gus and buy us a couple." "All right. I don't think there any but I'll go over and see."

"Come over and see if there are any watermelons, Gus," said Jimmy as he passed the Ford where Gus the driver, a yellow negro from the North, sat gnawing a chicken bone. "Yessir Mr. Jims", said Gus and grinned all across his face. They walked through a fringe of woods and cut across a cloverfield. The clover was full of dodder. "Beats me the way these here no account whitefolks lets everythin go to ruin and wrack," said Gus. "They're

pretty shiftless. Gee I hope they have some good red ones." "We'll see to that Mr. Jims, I kin tell a watermelon by listenin to it."

The little house sat up like a jackrabbit at the edge of a cornfield. A lowslung houn'dawg snapped at their heels as they went through the gate into the patch of pasture shaded by half dead locust trees. Three little towheaded children scuttled into the barn as they passed. Mrs. Jones stood waiting for them at the kitchen door, wiping her hands. From the house seeped out a smell of lamps that had smoked and chinchy mattresses. Gus tipped his hat deferentially and said, "Mr. Harland says he'd like a couple of watermelons please Mrs. Jones, if there are any ripe." Mrs. Jones' voice scraped the ears like a guineahen's. "Land's sake, he shu is welcome. Ah'm affeared they're mighty poa as yet. Looks lake everythin was poa this yea. Has been ever sence ma husband went to rest. A lone woman can't do much these days with a pack o' children an all. You all go an juss help yourselves, Ah'm feeling too poaly to walk all that way." "Uncle Jeff wanted me to pay for them," put in Jimmy holding out the half dollar. "Land sakes no, they ain't fitten to pay for." "All right and thank you kindly ma'am," said Gus. As the woman turned to go into the house Jimmy noticed she was with child. The tight curve of her belly gave him a sick feeling in the throat. "Well good evenin an present my respecks to Mrs. Harland," she said sticking her scrawny guineahen neck out from the door as they turned away. "Looks like she was goin to have twins, don't it Mr. Jims," said Gus, "an her husband's dead these two years they tell me." They were stepping among the stiff deepscalloped leaves of the melons. Jimpson weed grew rank all about and gave out an astringent smell underfoot. Gus picked out a long green melon faintly marbled with white. "Guess this'uns ripe," He held the melon up to his ear and squeezed it. "I'll hold it while you pick out another," said Jimmy, rocking the sunwarmed melon in his arms. The top was sleek

and warm against his ribs, though the underside was cold as if it had been on ice. "They tell me that's Old Man Oatley's doin," Gus let out a high pitched shout of laughter. "Tell me he's planted half the chillun in the Northern Neck. Sure must be a game ole bird." Without saying anything Jimmy walked back across the clover field flooded in winecolored afternoon haze towards the beach and picnic party.

At dusk they lit a smudgefire to keep off mosquitoes. Jimmy Herf and Mrs. Chadwick had been picking rosemallows round the fringes of the marsh behind the great pine. She was a thin woman with a little sour mouth and frightened brown eyes, not at all his idea of a Methodist minister's wife, Jimmy was thinking. Mrs. Chadwick's fingers fluttered jerkily about the long petals of the mallows. "We have so few flowers in the church," she was saying; "you see I was raised an Episcopalian and there were always flowers in the church." Their steps were cushioned by the needles, the wind was dying down and sighed occasionally in the high pine branches. *Arms enlaced they strolled Eric and the fair Kathleen saddened by the romantic sighing of the pines.* "When I was a little girl," Mrs. Chadwick was saying, "I used to think I would grow up and live in a big city and write beautiful books and know clever people to talk to... I don't know why I'm telling you all this." Jimmy tried to speak but could only nervously clear his throat. She wore a silky white dress that kept brushing against his ankles. "You don't mind if I call you Jimmy and talk to you like this, do you? You're only a little boy and I'm nearly an old woman. Something strange must be happening to me, this dusk and these flowers..." "I'd better hold them," said Jimmy. "Sticky stuff comes out of the stems. It might stain your dress." Her thin white hand brushed against his brown hand as she gave him the flowers. "I feel as if you were more sympathetic than the rest." "Why I'm sure..." began Jimmy hoarsely. "Of course it was terribly nice

of your Aunt to ask me. There are so few refined cultivated people in this part of the country. Your Aunt has been most charming, but perhaps it's the pines... O the romantic wind in the pines. Jimmy promise me that when you love some lovely cultivated girl and she loves you, you'll let nothing stand in the way of your happiness, nothing. One must always be beautiful that's all. I've never dared say that to anyone before." She started laughing softly far down in her throat. "What can be happening to me" "Shall we go back?" stuttered Jimmy. "Faith hope and love and the greatest of these is love." Jimmy dropped a rosemallow. The blood stung in his eyes when he stooped to pick it up. The bay through the smooth tree trunks was purple under a rose sky shading up to violet. The beach curve shone ghostly white under the bristling shade of the pines. "This is very beautiful. I have craved beautiful things all my life, beautiful rooms, beautiful thoughts, beautiful friends. If I had had just one beautiful thing I could have written splendid books, I know it, and been famous, wealthy though I care for none of those things." They could see the fire and long shadows of the people sitting round it. Aunt Emily was singing frailly to a guitar. Jimmy felt Mrs. Chadwick's bony fingers squeezing his arm. She was whispering in his ear, "If you ever tell a word, a single word of what I've told you, you'll have no good luck in your life. I'll hate you so you'll never love... O Mrs. Harland how lovely your voice is." After a final savage pinch she let go his arm. "O how lovely those rosemallows are." "I don't like their smell." "To think of such lovely flowers growing in a swamp!" Jimmy strayed away down the beach thoughtfully rubbing the pinched place on his arm.

Going home Jimmy rode beside Gus in the front seat of the Ford. Gus drove without saying a word, what could he be thinking? Jimmy sat screwed round with his sneakered feet on the seat and one hand clasping a bare ankle. Now and then he glanced wonderingly into

the dark face in which the eyes looked white as eggs. Inland it was a hot airless night. The smell of the pines hung heavy in the dense thickets on either side of the road that shone brittle glassgreen in the funnel of glare from the headlights. There was no moon. The stars seemed far away like pollen powdering the great black calyx of the night. Through the sandbeds Gus had to go into low. The engine would rumble hotly and a smell of gasoline would saturate the night. To be alone walking through the woods free of the sound of the car and chirping women's voices. A rift of rank smell filled his nose and mouth. Je-sus a fox. The smell of the fox filled his body until like the woods it was tense and hot and black, full of furtive rustle and scamper.

They sat before the fire in the smokyraftered kitchen of the inn, their broad hats pulled down over their faces muffled in their great fustian cloaks seemingly engrossed in the hot punch that steamed from the table. Eric's every nerve was tense as he pressed his knee reassuringly against hers. What if the innkeepers should penetrate their disguise? Suddenly there was a tramping of hoofs and a volley of oaths at the door. It opened and swords drawn in walked Rastignac and his rascally crew. Here are the turtle doves at last he cried with a horrid blasphemy. Eric picked up a stool in either hand and felled the scoundrel to the floor. Then with one leap the lovers cleared the casement window and feel into the silk cushions of the barge. Row for your lives cried Eric throwing doubloons among the naked crew. The lovely Kathleen Cranmer clung to him trembling. Their eyes met and his lips...

Gus was nudging him. They were passing a horse and buggy. Ole Man Oatley was bowing from it into the bright wedge of the headlights, waving his hat deferentially. "Good night Mrs. Harland ma'am" came his purring voice. The buggy had vanished and the ruts of the gravelly road were straight and empty ahead of them again. "That's Ole Man Oatley goin to see wider Jones," said Gus laughing creakily. "Honestly?"

"Ain't nowhere else he could be going down this road." Jimmy was silent thinking of the sag of her belly under the soiled blue apron on which she was wiping her red hands on the kitchen stoop of the little house that sat up like a jackrabbit at the edge of the cornfield.

Everybody else had gone to bed. Jimmy sat reading Gibbon beside the lamp in the livingroom. Moths fluttered with singed wings about the lamp chimney. At last he got up yawning his eyes fuzzy with sleep, a sharp pain in his forehead. He blew out the lamp and went out on the back porch where he slept. From the garden drifted a smell of four-o'clocks and the shuddering narcotic sweetness of flowering tobacco. Everywhere night insects thrummed crazily. He sat on the Gloucester hammock that swung a little under him and pulled off his clothes. Then with a bathtowel round him he crossed the lawn that was soft and wet between his toes. When he struck the coarse stubble of the meadow he muttered "Hell I ought to have worn my slippers." He walked throwing his body from one side to the other trying to avoid the sharp pricking of the stubble on his tender feet. He sat a moment on the style over the wire fence at the bottom of the meadow rubbing the soles of his feet. The night was pitch black. In front of him, from the overseer's house faint light seeped out with a stale smell of bacon and bedlinen on to the road. "Say Owen," Jimmy called gently. "Ye-a who's 'at?" "Jimmy Herf." "O is 'at juss you? At thought you was Mr. Hayes back." Owen in overalls and with his feet bare came to the screen door. "Are you all alone tonight?" "Yessir." As he spoke Jimmy imagined he heard a rustle from the bedroom, a board creaked. Bet he's got one of those colored girls from up the road with him. "I'm going in for a swim, dont you want to come, Owen?" he said. "Ah guess Ah'll jess come and watch yer," drawled Owen, and followed him round the edge of the house towards the beach.

Jimmy let the bathtowel drop off him and stood a moment with his arms stretched above his head at the end of the

little landing, his toes gripping the smooth boards. Then he brought his hands down with a slap to his chest, slid them across his ribs, down his thighs and shins to his toes and tumbled in. Milky green phosphorescence swished about him. His head emerged into blackness. "Yeaouw," he let out a whoop. "Gee its good, Owen, you ought to come in... Damnation, there's a nettle." Long jelly tentacles clung stinging to his arm. He rubbed them off and swam out slowly feeling the water ahead of him. Those colored girls down the road, the niggersmell womansmell lovesmell seeping out from the wobbly shack, a dark body like water clinging tinglingly to his skin. Darn that nettle. Guess I'll come out. He turned on his back. The phosphorescence trailed behind him in green jewelled veils. When he pulled himself up on the landing his body was still full of white sparks. "Did the stinging nettle git ye?" came Owen's drawling warm voice from the blackness by the house. Suppose I asked him, suppose I could have her too. "They sure did sting, Owen... well good night Owen." "Good night Ah reckon Ah'll turn in maself." Jimmy walked up the edge of the gravel road to the house and padded softly round by the lawn to his sleeping porch. There he put on his pyjamas and sat swinging himself a little in the hammock. He was terribly awake. His arms tingled hot from the nettle sting. Maybe Kitty was awake. God if he only had a girl in bed with him like Owen had. Why not Kitty? She's only a servant anyway. She didn't mind when I ran my hand up her leg in swimming. He began to tremble. He was in the house again creeping up the stairs. Her door was next to the bathroom, once after swimming he'd looked through the keyhole and seen a flash of white, red hair under her arms, red hair. He stood outside the door and listened; he could hear nothing but the pumping of his blood. From his Aunt's and Uncle's room across the hall came an occasional choky snore. Uncle Jeff, must be. His hand was on the doorknob. His cheeks flamed. She'll

wake up screaming and I'll hold her tight and put my mouth over her mouth. A door was opening behind him, "Hello Jimmy, aren't you in bed yet?" It was Aunt Emily's voice faintly sweet. Her white hair hung in a pleat over one shoulder; she wore a lavender flannel dressing gown that one hand held tightly clutched about her throat. "I've been in swimming." "Well good night." She brushed past him into the bathroom, the lock turned in the door. He ran down the stairs and threw himself on his bed that rocked with him like a boat. God, how horrible. Suppose I'd gone in. He was sobbing. He stuffed the end of the sheet in his mouth and chewed it. She would have screamed and everybody would have come running in. He lay on his back starting up with stinging eyes. From the bathroom above came the sound of the chain of the toilet being pulled. *And the lovely Kathleen Cranmer lay in his arms in the stern sheets of the barge and hair was all about them. As he was bending over her she burst out of her great stiff gold brocaded dress: They rocked naked in each others arms in the brocaded love barge among the lotus flowers.* And Kitty's homely as a mud fence. When I'm through college, in a dahabieh floating down the mysterious Nile... Imagine like Ole Man Oatley taking 'em buggyridin at night. No. O if I'd only not been born in America. Damn this country all full of preachers and uncles and aunts. *They walked hand in hand on far beaches where the herons of the dead cried above the misty marches of the world's end. They wept. They were parting forever.* A little breeze had come up, smelling of pines. *The misty marshes of the world's end...* He was asleep.

It was red. It was Egypt. Stiff mummy wrappings tightened about him. He was a stiff pillar. At his feet a yellow woman lay naked. It was horrible and everything was full of shrieking and she bent back from him like a bow and her breasts were baked apples shrivelled to bursting and her belly was alligator skin. He was the god Ptah; it was red. It was Egypt.

He woke up trembling and sick and jumped to his feet. He pulled off his pyjamas and let the wind cool his hot trembling body. The breeze crisply rustled the leaves of the trees and hissed in through the screening of the porch. Outside the night insects sang like buzzaws and like sleighbells. From the marsh came a growling of bullfrogs and a banjo twanging of toads. For a long while he walked up and down the porch till the nightmare shrieking had faded in his ears.

Ole Man Oatley stood beside the car deferentially nodding his head. The stubby fingers of one hand stirred a corner of his beard as he talked. "Yes Mrs. Harland ma'am that's very true," he was saying in his deep purling drawl. "Absolutely straight thinkin honesty is the only policy for a stoakeeper. Success mebbe comes to some in other ways but Ah guess a man doan sleep very easy in his bed 'less he's lawabidin, Mrs. Harland." "I wish we had more people like you in this country, Mr. Oatley. Do you know Mr. Oatley I think it's surprising you never ran for sheriff. Don't you think so Jimmy?"

Jimmy squirmed beside his Aunt Emily in the back of the Ford with pins and needles in his legs.

"Ah doan take much stock by politics, Mrs. Harland... An besides Ah reckon Ah'll cut out from here an go to the city in a year or two. Ain't no future for a man with brains in the country."

Future, what does he want a future for, he must be fifty now, Jimmy was thinking. "Aunt Emily," he said just as she was opening her mouth to speak, "I think we'll be late for lunch." "Well maybe we will, good day Mr. Oatley, and I'll send Jimmy up for those eggs tomorrow. All right, you can drive us home Gus." Gus cranked the car and jumped back into his seat. The words that accompanied Ole Man Oatley's deferential bow were drowned in the rattle of the motor as Gus backed and turned in the narrow sandy road. "A very superior sort of man, don't you think so Jimmy?" Aunt Emily was saying. Jimmy nodded vaguely. "He's rough and un-

educated but intelligent and respectful I wish there were more like him. People judge too much by externals in this world. You must always remember that when you get to College, Jimmy ; never pick your friends by their externals. Find out what they are like inside first." "Yes Aunt Emily."

Jimmy looked dully at the roadsides that unwound on either hand ; cedar trees festooned with trumpet flowers, early golden rod, blackeyedsusans and bouncingbet browned and droopy from the drought ; an occasional vista across a field, a random house primly hunched and squared A mulatto girl grinned at them as they passed her. That was Daisy who lived in the shack down the road. If he could only be somebody else, disguised in a great curly beard like Ole Man Oatley's, riding about in his buggy every night in the dark woods with Kitty, with this colored girl. He remembered Jones' widow down on the river-shore, wiping her red hands on her apron above her bulging belly. No in this country everything was so ugly and sordid. *With his cloak drawn across his mouth Don Eric de Bazan stalked nonchantly through the crowded streets of Seville. In a window through a screen of jessamine flowers he spied a face. The perfect face of the golden Aphrodite. By the Nimbus he swore the lass shall be mine. His grip tightened on the dagger in his belt.* "Jimmy," Aunt Emily was saying, "that shelf you and Jeff put up in the storeroom fell down and broke three jars of green tomato pickle." "I'm terribly sorry, I was sure it was strong enough." "I do have the most inefficient people around me. Anybody ought to be able to put up a shelf... I suppose I'll have to get Owen to leave his work and do it." "Honestly Aunt Emily, I'll fix it right after lunch. Uncle Jeff put it up anyway. All I did was hand him the nails." Aunt Emily was silent. As they turned into the farm lane through the big white gate they could see beyond the fields the bay ruffled to indigo by the afternoon breeze. Suddenly Jimmy found himself saying : "I should think it'ld be terrible to have so many daughters." "He has

five, hasn't he? Still that's hardly his fault. I approve of large families." Jimmy was blushing, he wished he'd kept quiet. "He has seven," he added feebly.

Jimmy was helping Owen tie up the polebeans. It was very hot; the sun beating on his head made little halfseen fires squirm before his eyes. A steady stream of sweat trickled down the hollow of his back. The bean leaves were limp about his hands as he worked. Beyond the green garden the meadows stretched bronze and shuddering under the steel glare of the white sky. All at once he heard voices excited and shrill from the house, Aunt Emily's voice and some men's voices. He skipped several poles so as to be working within earshot of the back porch.

"No she hasn't been to see us in the last week," Aunt Emily was saying. Her back was towards Jimmy. He could see her shoulders jerking nervously. Mr. Chadwick, the Methodist minister, stood facing her, his shoestring tie undone, his grey hair over his eyes, his lipless mouth working convulsively as if he were chewing. "But where can she have gone, where can she have gone?" Mr. Chadwick was shouting over and over again in a sharp curdled voice. "Why it's terrible," said Uncle Jeff. "And I want to ask you Mr. Harland to lend me your Ford automobile and the colored man to drive it. I'll get her back if I have to follow her to Washington."

"Jimmee," cried Aunt Emily, "you go tell Gus to get the car ready." "All right Aunt Emily." Gus was standing in the broad door of the barn wiping his coffee-yellow arms with a piece of waste. "They tell me, Mr. Jims," he said half stuttering with excitement, "that Ole Man Oatley's done runned away with the Reverend Chadwick's wife. What do you think off that?" "Why it's terrible." "I dunno, but I was listenin an heard em talkin over the phone an Ole Colonel Gaskin, the one's paralyzed an has the phone by his bedside constant an if anythin happens in the Northern Neck he knows it, he was talking all excited to somebody sayin he'd seen

em go by Perkins corner in a two horse buggy hellbent for election." "And we know her too... O she couldn't have done that." "I reckon they're to the Ferry by this time." "But he has seven daughters." "It's a queer world, Mr. Jims." "But Gus what I came to tell you is get the car out because the Methodis minister wants it to go after his wife in." "Did Mr. Harland say that?" "Sure he did." "All right," said Gus with a shrug of the shoulders as he leaned to crank the car, "But I don't like it. They tell me Ole Man Oatley's mighty handy with a revolver." The rest of his words were drowned in the race of the motor. Jimmy ran back excitedly to where a group had gathered round the Reverend Chadwick's squat black figure in front of the house. "I'll shoot the bastard. I'll shoot the bastard," came his curdled voice in little barking gasps. Tears streamed down his cheeks; there was tobacco juice on his chin. The car backed down from the barn. "Look out where you're going" shouted Uncle Jeff, jumping aside. The car stopped with a jerk so that the engine stalled. Everybody started to pile in. "This doesn't interest you, Jimmy, you'ld better go back to your work in the garden or whatever you were doing," said Uncle Jeff severely, as Jimmy was stepping on the running board. "I thought I'd sit on the mudguard." said Jimmy blushing. "No you won't," said Uncle Jeff. Smarting Jimmy watched the car shoot up the lane and disappear into the main road, Plug Stone's shotgun protruding dangerously from among the jouncing heads in the back seat. The road and the house and the cluster of red barns looked empty and blank, weighed down with noon.

An idea came to Jimmy; he walked round to the stable back of the barn. Yes, Rattler was in his stall. Now where the dickens were the saddles? Rattler twitched and stamped while the girth was being tightened. "We're going to see a fight, old boy," Jimmy whispered to the sorrel. "We can cut through the woods down by Forbes' place and get to the Ferry about as soon as the Ford does.

Gee you're filthy." When he wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand it smelt of harness and stable manure. With his heart in his mouth Jimmy galloped past the house and along the sandy shore road. No Aunt Emily hadn't seen him. A white heron flew up from the marsh and the horse clattered jerkily across the loose rotting boards of the bridge. Gee this is exciting, but think of it how terrible. She's so refined and we know her; to run away with a storekeeper with seven daughters and a beard and everything. If they catch him they'll shoot him. Suppose I'd carried on with Kitty and they'd found out about it? Running away in a two horse buggy hellbent for election. But its all so ugly and sordid and she talked about how necessary it was to be beautiful. Gee it's hot. "Whoa boy, whoa boy!" why he's all foamy.

The lovely Kathleen Cranmer leapt lightly into the sleigh. If only the ice will hold on Lake Baikal, said Eric Strong off after deftly wrapping first the soft robe of ermine and then the thick robe of sable about her delicate form. Wolves howled among the beech trees. From the distance came the bloodcurdling yells of their Tartar pursuers. If only the ice will hold on Lake Baikal.

At Carmel Church Jimmy came out of the woodland and almost ran into the Ford stalled under a walnut tree. Gus, sweating and grinning, was monkeying with the carburetor. "Why Gus what's the matter?" "I dunno Mr. Jims, stalled that's all." "Where did they all go?" "Up there in front of the store. They's telephonin!" Jimmy dismounted and walked up cautiously, leading the sorrel to the big group of men talking and shouting that filled the middle of the road. "Sheriff's down at the Ferry swearin out warrants," someone was saying. "Ah'll bet ten dollars, they didn't go thataway." "They've made for the Rapahannock to git the Norfolk boat." "No they ain't." "They'll be waitin for the Elizabeth Anne at Watkins' to go up to Washington on her." "Shet up here's the deputy, he may know somethin'." Plug

Stone was a lean man with three days' stubble on his chin and his protruding Adam's apple. He carried a shot gun over his shoulder military fashion. "Reverend Chadwick," he said in a doleful voice as if reading announcements in church, "they ain't a gone to the Ferry, they're been seen passin Applegate's on that back road to Watkins landing." There were three buggies hitched in front of the store. As many as could piled in. The rest stood in a group on the store porch. "Well that 'mands me," someone was saying, "of the day ole Colonel Weatherby shot Buddy Clark an killed him dead." "That was in the dawgdays too." "It shoa was. Boy it was hot."

As Jimmy rode off he caught sight out of the corner of his eye of the Ford going lickety split down the road towards home. "I bet Gus was scared of all this guntalk and stalled the car on purpose... Get along boy, we got to get there. No, this way into the short cut." As he galloped along the lumberroad through the young sunflecked woods Jimmy had to keep his head down alongside the horse's to avoid the drooping pine branches. At last the sorrel stumbled in some fallen branches and Jimmy drew him up. He was in an uncut pine grove. Except for a soughing of a breeze far up in the tallest trees it was quiet, no birds sang. In every direction evenly spaced pinkish brown boles rose into a feathery dark vaulting full of sunlight and fervid splinters of blue sky. "What the hell?" muttered Jimmy, "if I haven't forgotten how the road goes." He let the sorrel walk till he came to a clearing and a crossroad ; there he climbed off to stretch his stiff legs. "Gee I'm hungry," he was thinking. "I forgot about lunch," Then he saw a two horse buggy jouncing slowly towards him down the overgrown road to the left. Yes it was a beard. Ole Man Oatley was driving, wearing a wide black felt hat with one arm about something limp and white and silky on the seat beside him. Jimmy stared at them aghast. Oatley drew the horses up. "Which way have they gone, boy?" he asked gruffly. "Down towards W-Watkins," stammered

Jimmy. "Don't stop dear, they'll catch up, I know they'll catch up." came Mrs. Chadwick's thin moaning voice from between the folds of the silk shawl that covered her head. "They'll kill us if they catch up." An angular hand parted the shawl from her face, "Why it's Jimmy Herf. Come here dear boy. I want to say goodby. You won't say you've seen us. You're a gentleman." Jimmy advanced timidly to the muddy wheel. "Goodby Mrs. Chadwick," he said, "Have a good time." Suddenly there was a swish of silk about his head. A sharp nose pressed into his cheek. She had kissed him with a little hard kiss on the corner of the mouth. He drew back red and flustered. "Henry dear, for God's sake don't wait any more," came the tremulous wail of her voice again. The buggy drove off, jouncing and creaking over the rutted overgrown road. Jimmy brushed some mud from the wheel off the front of him. There were tears in his eyes. He swallowed a lump, mounted the sorrel and rode off in the opposite direction. He would go home and get something to eat.

After a long while he came out on a road. A man in a sulky passed him. "Say have you seen anybody in them woods?" shouted the man. It was Carrol Carter, the sheriff. "No," said Jimmy. He felt himself getting red. "We're after that Goddamed scoundrel that's run off with Reverend Chadwick's wife." "Tell me," said Jimmy slowly, "they've gone over towards the Rapphannock to get the Norfolk boat." "If you meet anybody tell 'em I'm hotfoot after 'em," said the sheriff, snapping his whip. "I'll make for Watkins landing." "All right sir," said Jimmy, his cheeks scarlet and smarting. He stared after the dustcloud left by the sheriff's highpacing horse. "If they catch 'em now, they'll think I'm in cahoots." He kicked the sorrel into a gallop.

Where the road came out along the shore he stopped to rest in the shade of some holly trees. He was tired and full of sweat and the sorrel was shaky and panting. "Gosh I got to get him rested before I can take him home.

Uncle Jeff'll raise cain if he sees him like this." He tied the sorrel to a stump and lay down on the sand staring out across the indigo bay at the white strip edged with blue green of misted trees of the Maryland shore. A swim would be the thing. He walked down to the beach that stretched empty and white, a sickle between two wooded points. He had just pulled off his shirt when a triangle of sail appeared behind the nearest point, bright as a shell in the sunlight. The nose of a boat stuck out beyond the trees. It was a bug eye leaning close to the wind on an easterly course across the beach and down the bay. In the stern stood a man with a broad black beard and a broad black hat, and beside him a limp silky-white bundle lay along the rail. They've made it ; they're making for the Eastern shore. Jimmy waved his shirt, then suddenly dropped it in terror. Suppose somebody had seen him.

He took a hurried dip and started home trotting along the shore road. It must be four o'clock. He was tremendously hungry. And that was that. And suppose I'd broken into Kitty's room and all, would it have been like that, men with guns chasing me in buggies, the sheriff and the deputy and people telegraphing the police in Washington and Norfolk and Baltimore? Gosh it was terrible the things people did, quite nice people too. Across the fields was the roof of his Aunt's house. He walked the sorrel carefully, so that he shouldn't look hot when they passed the house.

"Well I never would have thought it possible that such a thing could happen in the northern neck among people we know," said Aunt Emily at dinner that night. "My dear," said Uncle Jeff, "with the children here and everything I think the less we talk about those things the better. The man's a scoundrel, that's all, a thorough scoundrel, and the woman's a... an abandoned woman that's all." "But I think it's wonderfully exciting," said Maisie. "I wish I'd seen the chase and everything... Even if it is

revolting, people like that. I wonder if they got away." "Frankly I hope they shoot the man." "O that does seem dreadful, but I suppose people like that are a menace," murmured Aunt Emily. Jimmy felt himself blushing again. Why couldn't he help blushing all the time? "Well dear," boomed Uncle Jeff, "I think this will teach us to be very careful who we invite into our home." Jimmy thought he was going to cry. As he served himself to spinach his hand brushed against Kitty's bare freckled arm. He pulled it away as if he had been burned. Although he was very hungry the fried chicken and spinach and potatoes were ashes in his mouth.

HERRIOT IN THE STATES

by Guy Hickok.

The ship news camera men went as suddenly as they had come. The *Paris* worked herself slowly to her pier in North River giving the visitor another and disillusioning view of the sky-line. After a scramble on the pier the Mayor and his party were on their way through newspaper littered streets to the scheduled reception at the City Hall.

A new battery of cameras, a posed hand-shake on the city hall steps, and M. Herriot had his first experience with what he later called "the taste for the maximum" "Tell the Mayor," said one of the reception committee, "Tell the Mayor that this is said to be the most beautiful city hall in the world."

"But... but..." I began, thinking of the Hotel de Ville in Lyons which had been M. Herriot's official home for twenty years.

"Tell him. Tell him"

I told him.

"Ummmm!" commented the Mayor.

"And that is the highest building in the world. Tell him that." insisted the committee member, pointing at the Woolworth Tower. I told him that too, and added in French that he must not mind if I kept on telling him that this and that was the biggest and the best and the first during the rest of the trip, because that was the way we Americans were made.

That night at the hotel one of M. Herriot's party, M. Coponat was awakened by a burst of laughter. Across the court-yard of the hotel was a lighted window.

"A policeman and another man were in the room." said Coponat the next morning. "The policeman had two bottles in hand. I couldn't read the label, but I could see on each bottle the picture of a white horse. I thought the Policeman would probably arrest the man. But he did not. He uncorked the bottles and they both began drinking."

Twice more during the night Coponat was re-awakened. The first time the two men were dancing and singing arm in arm. The second time both were asleep, the civilian sitting bolt upright in a chair with the policeman's cap on his head, and the policeman in another chair, drooping forward and almost spilling out on the floor ; the lights turned full on them both. It was the first glimpse any of the party had of prohibition.

The next day the French visitor had his first chamber of commerce chicken lunch in a hot crowded room under the roof of one of Brooklyn's few sky-scrapers. The luncheon finished, he made a short speech "selling the Lyons Fair".

Twenty minutes later while whirled toward the local art museum with a snorting motor cycle police escort ahead he looked at the low red buildings flanking the dingy streets of South Brooklyn and ejaculated :

"Why this is Moscow, *tout à fait Moscou*" a remark his chamber of commerce hosts omitted from subsequent real estate sales literature.

On the wall of the Museum sixty feet away and twenty feet from the floor were a row of vari-coloured discs on the wall. "Cretan potteries!" exclaimed the mayor. "Yes" nodded the Museum director. "Imitations aren't they?" and at the director's second nod he added "But good ones".

A couple of hours later at the Morgan library, he astonished us all and the librarian by standing ten feet from the rows of old brown book backs which to laymen all looked alike, and naming them and describing them in detail, "Venice, fifteenth century,—an engraving of a

tall slim woman on the fly leaf..." And he told the publisher's name and the Latin quotation that would be under the engraving. Then he pulled the book out and verified it. "Those were printed in Lyons" and he pointed at another shelf of books. Here was the original of a letter from Marie Antoinette, written in statesmanlike style in which she expressed the opinion that the monarchy had run its course in France and that only the republicans had the ideas and the energy to carry the country forward. M. Herriot saw here for the first time many rare French editions which can no longer be found in his own country. The Mayor had long been a rare edition enthusiast. His French companions repeatedly warned the reception committee not to let him go within eye-shot of an old book store unless they wanted their "time schedules" to collapse.

Herriot next inspected the public library system. The children's sections made him enthusiastic. "How are they financed? Who pays for the buildings? Who pays for the maintenance?" He asked. When told that usually private donors provide the buildings and the initial collections, though the maintenance is at public expense, he remarked to one of his French companions.

"Ah! What would my good bourgeois at Lyons say if I asked them for something like that!"

After his New York program the Mayor needed sleep. We all boarded the Philadelphia midnight train at ten o'clock. The long green curtained aisle puzzled him. He looked behind the curtains. It was his first Pullman.

"Why it's a dormitory!" he said. "Where does one undress"?

He was told the custom was to get behind the curtain and, half in and half out of the berth, to wriggle out of day clothes and into night clothes. He had accepted without comment or resistance the other oddities of American life, but this was too thick. He glanced down at his burly figure, measured with his eye the space in which he was supposed to disrobe, and without a word began

to undress in the aisle. With white showing all the way around the eyes the horrified black porter drew the green curtains together behind the mayor, and the writer drew them together in front of him, both praying that no champion of respectability would come until it was over. We were lucky and there was no international incident.

We had come aboard to get an extra two hours sleep before the train started. But the car stood at the end of the trunk chute, a sort of bump-the-bumps for baggage. The whole two hours until midnight was punctuated by the sound of falling sample cases.

Bump, bump, bang, bump, bang, crash. It was like a bombardment. When the train did move it started with a jerking, jarring and jiggling unknown in France. The night was further broken by an hour of vehement switching at West Philadelphia ; and by the hoarse whooping of bass-voiced American locomotives.

"You certainly have more machines for making noise than any country in the world!" was M. Herriot's comment the next morning.

Another reception committee was waiting at Philadelphia, more photographers, more motor car dashes about town, another chicken luncheon and another speech.

"Tell the mayor that this is the biggest city hall in America", they said, and at an educational institution which boasts a replica of the Madeleine, the president said :

"Tell the mayor that a committee of French architects saw this and said it was better than the original."

At first I rebelled. "Frenchmen are sometimes overpolite", I objected.

"But tell him... They said it." And I told him.

The chicken luncheon was at the old Union League, founded during the civil war. Ambitious fathers now put their sons on the waiting list at birth and get them admitted at forty or after. It was here that a white haired old man stood up and shouted.

"We want France to get Germany by the throat and

hold her until she fills the French treasury with gold, real gold."

"More French than the French," murmured the Mayor.

The "time schedule" at Philadelphia ended at six o'clock and the travellers found themselves free and M. Herriot wanted a meal at which he would not have to eat chicken. The French Consul General took us to what he said was the nearest thing to a French restaurant in Philadelphia, the Arcadia.

There was an enormous room in light rose and cream color with an orchestra playing. The service, the food and the music were excellent. Drinking ice-water, the band playing sentimental German music M. Herriot recited verses by Heinrich Heine. He recited very well. I remembered that he had once been a professor of rhetoric.

It was all done on ice water, ice water served as if it were a choice wine, in thin crystal glasses, the ice cut in inch square cubes.

Claudius Bas, Lyons manufacturer and general manager of the Lyons Fair, round faced, his long moustache curving over the glass, put the ice water down on the table.

"Do you know,—I find this ice water *épatant*. I've had ten glasses of it today and I never felt better in my life. I commence to like it."

M. Herriot looked over the crowd in the restaurant, many families dining together at the larger tables.

"I can't help but think," he said "that our good people in France would be better off if they were sitting around drinking this instead of what they are drinking!"

The next day in Washington M. Herriot visited President Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Samuel Gompers, and, in Mr. Hughes' absence, the acting Secretary of State.

His friends in New York had told him formal dress was unneccessary when visiting the President. The French Chargé d'Affaires, whose duty it was to take the visitor to the White House, let it be known that he felt otherwise. The Chargé himself was faultless in long coat, silk-hat, striped trousers, white gloves and spats,

the only departure from European protocole being that owing to the high cost of chauffeurs he had to drive his own car. The spectacle of a gentlemen thus impeccably clothed driving two other Frenchmen and an American in business clothes which Pullman travel had in no way improved, brought smiles from passers by. Photographers blocked the White House steps. Premier Massey of New Zealand was being "shot". The next volley was directed at M. Herriot, and he was then admitted without ceremony to the President's Office. President Coolidge, himself in a sack suit, extended a non-committal greeting, and the party walked to the State Department across the street, passing on the way a delegation of forty negroes and negresses, gorgeously arrayed in gilt lettered purple sashes. They were "Sons and Daughters of the Order of Moses" waiting to shake hands with the President.

The photographers refused to see them.

Hoover appeared to have aged since the Peace Conference. Though cordial he was red-eyed and nervous. Hours afterward we learned that a few minutes before our arrival something in a laboratory in his department had blown up killing two of his assistants and injuring several others.

M. Herriot called on Samuel Gompers as the labor leader was about to take a train for the annual American Federation of Labor convention in Portland. He was full to the top of his shiny skull of fight against turning the Federation into a political party. In a short half hour he gave M. Herriot a dress rehearsal of the battle to come. Peremptorily he summoned before him representatives of various trades, a brick-maker, a cigar-maker, a mechanic, a painter. The straggling tufts of long white hair on the shiny scalp gave him a moth-eaten look. There was much vigor in his gestures.

"Tell them what the wages were in your trade twenty years ago and what they are today."

He pointed a stubby finger at each of the trades delegates in turn. Each one spoke his piece. They seemed cowed by the fury of the old man's manner. The answers were

similar. In each trade wages had quadrupled or better "We've done it without a political party". Gompers almost choked on the words. "You in Europe have wasted the strength of your wage earners in politics and you can't do anything. You are impotent." With that he left for his train.

"A veritable old President of the Council" M. Herriot commented.

During the Pullman journey to Cleveland from Washington telegrams began to arrive from both Cleveland and New York addressed to each member of the party, "Section 4 Car 22, Train 144". Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, at home on leave, had heard M. Herriot was coming, and wanted him to leave the train in the suburbs instead of continuing on to the central station. The sensation of receiving correspondence in a train at top speed quite as certainly as if at their own homes was a new one to the visitors.

The first fifteen minutes in Cleveland brought the usual American formula.

"Tell the Mayor that that is the second largest office building in the United States... Tell him." As in New York, Philadelphia and Washington the local committee set itself feverishly to converting the visitor to the belief that there was really only one town in the world worth thinking about, the one he was in at the moment. Steel-mills, ore-docks, another chamber of commerce chicken luncheon, an address, an afternoon at Ambassador Herrick's farm and an hour in a hotel filled with unbelievable mechanical contrivances were what M. Herriot saw of Cleveland.

The next morning another Pullman car dumped us in Chicago, Chicago boasting of her fine boulevards and blushing at the stock-yards that make them possible.

The Chicago committee hated to take the Mayor through those stock-yards. They were not pretty and they smelled. But he insisted on going, smell or no smell. He had a municipal abbattoir of his own at Lyons,and he intended

losing no such opportunity as this to learn meat-packing technique.

During the tour through the hog-slaughtering section his already well-filled note book was as busy as it had been in the New York Public Libraries, among the Metropolitan Museum art treasures, among the Morgan literary antiquities, at the grave of Franklin in Philadelphia, or on the bridge above the Cleveland "flats". Production of bacon and hams by the Ford method was, to him, an astonishing spectacle.

Hanging head downward the endless defile of black pigs drifted slowly past a scaffold on which stood a negro. Absent mindedly, as if dreaming of the cotton fields, the negro caressed each pig gently on the nape of the neck and slit its throat with a three inch movement of the sharpest knife in the world. The pigs moved slowly onward to re-appear later pink as new born babies. And as they passed along a line of men, they were slit, emptied, beheaded, skinned, sliced, quartered, chopped and gashed each with a single motion until ultimately they were being wrapped and stamped as chops, hams, and bacon, while all the rest came out as silk purses or other by-products.

Out of the stock yards to a Chamber of Commerce luncheon, not chicken this time, where a surprising number of the listeners understood French, out of the luncheon to a luxurious country club, a glimpse of the "biggest" this and the "biggest" that, of the Fine Arts School, and another modern hotel, and that was Chicago.

It was at Chicago that the writer left the Mayor.

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

Being the history of a family's progress.

By Gertrude Stein.

IV

They had for a little while, a hard time beginning, but on the whole things went very well with them. The sons made money for them, the daughters worked and then got married to men whom they found making money around them. Some did very well then and some not so well, and they all had their troubles as all people have them, and some died, and some lived and were prosperous and had children. One as I was saying died a glutton and spoiling him was the one weak thing the strong mother did to harm any of them.

The old man never made much of a fortune but with the help his children gave him he lived very well and when he died he left his wife a nice little fortune. She lived long and was strong to the last and firmly supporting and always she was directing and leading all whom she found needing directing.

She was then very old, and always well, and always working, and then she had a stroke, and then another, and then she died and that was the end of that generation.

There had been born to Martha and David Hersland many sons and daughters. All who lived to be grown up had gotten married and almost all of these were prosperous. One, the glutton, died and left his wife and children to his brothers, he had not made enough money

to leave them provided, and his brothers each one in their turn gave the money to support them.

Of the daughters two of them were well married. The third one always lived with her husband but it was her brothers who kept her dressed and gave her children education and then later in their life started them out in their working.

On the whole it was a substantial progress the family had made in wealth, in opportunity, in education, in following out the mother's leading to come to the new world to find for themselves each one a sufficient fortune.

In all of them the father and the mother were variously mixed to make them, but mostly it was the mother who was strongest in them. Some, like the glutton, had in certain ways the important feeling in them that the father had in religion. Some, like the daughter who had not made much of a success in marrying, had his way of not being very good at keeping on even after they had made the beginning, but mostly all of them had the strength and solid power in them that the mother had it in her to give to all of them. Most of them began and kept on well after they had made a beginning. And so they were mostly very successful in the business of living.

In every one of them the father and mother were very variously mixed up in them. The fourth son, David Hersland, one of the fathers we must soon be realising so that we can understand our own being, was the only one of all of them who had gone to the far west to make his fortune. It is a little hard to see just how the mixture of this father and this mother came to make him. He was in some ways, as I was saying, a very splendid kind of person. He was big and abundant and full of new ways of thinking, and this was all his mother in him, but he had not her patient steadfast working. He was irritable and impatient and uncertain and not always very strong at keeping going, though always he was abundant and forceful and joyous and determined and always powerful in starting. And then too he was in his way important

inside to him as his father had been when he felt his religion in him. But all this will show more and more in him as I tell you slowly the history of him.

He had gone as a young man to Gossols to make his fortune. This was the new world in a new world and it took this newest part of this new world to content him. He alone of all the brothers had this restless feeling in him. All the others did very well where the mother had brought them. He alone had needed to go farther to find for himself his life and a sufficient fortune.

As I was saying he had brought his wife to Gossols with him. He had married her in Bridgepoint where one of his sisters had settled with her husband who made there a very good living. At this time David though he was quite a young man had already made enough money to support him and a wife and children. This he had done before he had thought to go to Gossols where he was to make his great fortune. And so it was right for his sister at this time to be anxious to arrange a marriage for him. Now the idea of going to the far west was just beginning to work in him. Perhaps marrying might keep him with them, anyway it would be good for him to have a good wife to go to Gossols with him, and so he met little Fanny Hissen. It was arranged by his sister that this young woman should be married to him.

Fanny Hersland all her life was a sweet gentle little woman. Not that she did not have a fierce temper sometimes in her and one that could be very stubborn, but mostly she was a sweet little gentle woman and only would be hurt, not angry, when any bad thing happened to them.

Her mother was one of those four good women the grandmothers, always old women or as little children to us the generation of grandchildren. These four good women, the grandmothers we need only to be just remembering, had each one a different kind of a man to be married to them. These four women, the one strong to bear many children and then always after strong to lead them, the steady good one who was patient to bear her many

children and then always was patient to suffer with them, the sweet pure one who died as soon as she had born all of them for that was all she knew then to do for them, and the little gentle weeping hopeless one who sorrowed in her having them and always after sorrowed in them, all these four foreign women had very many and very different kinds of children.

The gentle little hopeless one who wept out all the sorrow for her children had many and very little children. She was the mother of the pretty gentle little woman that David Hersland married in Bridgepoint and took out to Gossols with him.

The little weary weeping mother of all those gentle cheery little children had a husband who was not very pleasant to his children. He too was little like his wife and like all his children but there was a great deal in him to cause terror to his wife and children. He was like old David Hersland important in religion. It was very deep inside him and for him it was much harder on his children. His wife too had sorrow in religion, she had sorrow from his being so important in religion and she had sorrow too from her own self in her own religion. But then it was all sorrow and sadness, and always a trickling kind of weeping that she had every moment in her living, and it really was not much worse in religion. It was just a way she had, this trickling weeping, even as when it sometimes did happen she was laughing. She never ever really stopped her sad trickling. To her joy was as it has been said of laughing, it is madness, and of mirth who doeth it, for even in laughter the heart is sorrowful and the end of that mirth is heaviness. It was in her as if she was always saying, I am often thinking if I could be so fixed as never to be laughing or ever to be smiling I should be a little good woman, it fills me all with sorrow when I see people so full of laughing.

It was a hard father and a dreary mother that gave the world so many and such pleasant little children. Mostly they were very cheerful little children. Perhaps it was

that the mother had wept out all the sorrow for them. There was no weeping that she had left over to them. They were mostly all in their later living cheerful hopeful gentle little men and women. They lived without ambition or excitement but they were each in their little circle joyful in the present. They lived and died in mildness and contentment.

It was one of these cheerful gentle little Hissen people that David Hersland married there in Bridgepoint and then took to Gossols with him. And now he with all the mixed up father and strong mother in him and this little gentle cheerful pretty little women who had a fierce temper that could be very stubborn were to come together and make a life together and to mix up well and then to have many different kinds of children through her.

They had mixed up very well. They had made a good enough success with their living.

They had had five children through her. Two of these had died as little children. Three of them had grown up and were now grown young men and women. And these three are of them who are to be always in this history of us young grown men and women to us, for it is only thus that we can ever feel them to be real inside in us, these who are of the same generation with us.

The mother, little gentle Mrs. Hersland, was very loving in her feeling to all of her children, but they had been always all three, after they had stopped being very little children, too big for her ever to control them. She could not lead them nor could she know what they needed inside them. She could not help them, she could only be hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them.

She loved them and was very proud of all three of them. Often she wondered as she looked at them, how could they be so perfect and so wonderful and yet all three of them be so different from the others of them that there was hardly anything alike in the three of them.

They were big children and each one of them in his own way was strong to do what they needed to find them-

selves free inside them. They were big children and she was only a very little mother to them. And they were not very loving children, they were too strong at finding their own way to feel free and important each one to himself inside him. They were to her very good children. She never had any trouble with them. And now she was a little ailing and they were good but then she never had been very important to them.

Now we begin to learn more about the Hersland family living and their way of living.

As I was saying the father David Hersland was in some ways a very splendid kind of person but he had some very uncertain things inside him. He too was very proud of his children but it was not easy for them to be free of him. Sometimes he was very angry with them. Sometimes it came to his ending with the angry word that he was the father, they were his children, they must obey him, he was master and he knew how to make them do as he would have them. Such scenes were very hard on the little gentle mother woman who was all lost in between the angry father and the three big resentful children who knew very well what they needed to have given to them so that they could be free inside them.

This is the way the three Hersland children grew up to be strong each one to be free inside him. They were all big in themselves and in their way of winning. Soon you will learn slowly the history of each one of them, how each one was important to himself in him, and how they won a kind of freedom for themselves each one inside them.

The little mother was not very important to them. They were good enough children in their daily living, but they were never very loving to her inside them. They had it too strongly in them to win their own freedom.

They turned to their father, altogether, in their thinking. It was against him inside, and strongly always around them, that they had to do the fighting for their freedom. Now the mother was a little ailing. She was all lost be-

tween the father and the three big struggling children.

In their young days the father was proud of his children, proud that they were important each one to himself inside him, proud that they needed to win for themselves their own freedom. Always then he encouraged their disputing, he wanted then that they should fight and win out against him. As I was saying David Hersland the father of these big resentful children was in some ways a splendid kind of person. But now things were going less easily around him. Joy was a little dim inside now for all of them. Now he would often be angry and be given to pounding on the table and loudly declaring, he was the father, they were the children, they must obey else he would know how to make them. And the gentle little mother who every day was giving signs of weakening would sit scared, and afterwards she would be weeping, lost between the father and three big resentful children.

But this was all when they had become grown young men and women and joy was a little dim inside for all of them.

Now listen to their lives as children, their early struggles each one to find for themselves freedom, the abundant father in them in those days full of joyous beginning, proud of himself and of his children, glad to feel that they were strong all of them to make for themselves their own beginning.

Now I will tell you more of the Hersland ways of living in the old home with the wind and the sun and the rain beating, and the dogs and chickens and the open life, and the hay, and the men working, and the father's way of educating the three children so that they could be strong to make for themselves their own beginning, and the gentle little mother who was not very important to them, who had sometime a fierce temper that could be very stubborn but mostly she was only sad, not angry, when any bad thing happened to them, and the three children with the mixed up father and the little unimportant mother in them.

As I was saying Mr. Hersland was big and abundant and always was very full of new ways of thinking. Always he was abundant and joyous and determined and always powerful in starting. Also sometimes he would be irritable and impatient and uncertain. Also he was in his way important inside to him, and all these things came out in his educating of his children.

Truly he loved education. It was to him almost all there is of living. He did not do it with steadfast, steady working, things always were a little uncertain with him. One never knew which way it would break out from him the things he was very good at starting and then other things would happen to him and to all the people around who were dependent on him.

It was a very good kind of living the Hersland children had in their beginning, in their freedom in the ten acres where all kind of things were growing, where they could have all anybody could want of joyous sweating, of rain and wind, of hunting, of cows and dogs and horses, of chopping wood, of making hay, of dreaming, of lying in a hollow all warm with the sun shining while the wind was howling, of knowing all queer poor kinds of people that lived in this part of Gossols where the Herslands were living and where no other rich people were living. And so they grew up with this kind of living, such kind of queer poor, for them, people around them, such uncertain ways of getting education that they had from the father's passion for all kind of educating, from his strong love of starting and the uncertain things he had inside him.

Altogether it was a good way of living for them who had a passion to be free inside them and this was true of all three of the Hersland children but mostly with Martha the eldest and the only daughter living, and the youngest David who was always searching to decide in him and no one could ever understand him, from day to day what life meant to him to make it worth his living. It was less in Alfred, this love of freedom, in Alfred who was soon now to be marrying Julia Dehning. He had some

of it in him but not so strongly inside him as Martha and David and his father had it in them.

But now to make again a beginning, to tell of the father David Hersland and the ways he had in him to make himself strong and important inside to him and to prove the right way to educate his children and the singularities the old world had stamped on him.

David Hersland believed in hardening his children. He believed that everyone should make for himself his own beginning, that every one should win for himself his own freedom. This was always strong inside him with all the uncertain ways that he had in him, with all the strong starts and sudden changes in his way of educating the three children who had such different ways in them from the things he meant to give them.

Mostly at first they the children felt this in him in the way they were ashamed of him in just the simple ways he had of doing in the ordinary every-day living.

It is hard on children when the father has queer ways in him. Even when they love him they can never keep themselves from having shame inside them when all the people are looking and wondering and laughing and giving him a name for the queer ways of him.

Mr. Hersland as I have been often saying was in some ways a splendid kind of person, and that was one way one could look at him. In other ways he was an uncertain changeful angry irritable kind of a person with a strong feeling of being important to himself inside him and not always certain to make other men see why he had so much important feeling in him. And then one could think of him, as his children when they were young girl and boys felt him, queer in the ways he had of doing things that made them feel a little ashamed to say he was a father to them when other children spoke about him.

David Hersland was a big man. He was big in the size of him and in his way of thinking. His eyes could give a very angry way of looking, and yet one could love him, in a way one was not afraid of him. He never would

go so far as his irritation seemed to drive him, and somehow one always knew that of him. He had not so much terror for his children as fathers with more kindness and more steadfast ways of doing. One always had a kind of feeling that what one needed to protect one from him was to stand up strongly against him, he would stop short of where he seemed to be going, anger was there but it would not force him on to the final end of angry acting. All one had to do was to say then to him, "Alright but I've got a good right to opinion. You started us in this way of doing, you have no right to change now and say that it's no way for us to be acting." And so each one the three children, Martha, Alfred and David would each in their own way resist to him, and it made a household where there was much fierce talking and much frowning, and then the father would end with pounding on the table and threatening and saying that he was the father they were the children, he was the master, they must obey else he would know the way to make them. And the little unimportant mother would be all lost then in between the angry father and the three big resentful children. But all this was when they were beginning to be grown young men and women. When they were still children there was not any fierceness in the house among them.

And now to come back to the queer ways of him. As I was saying the father was a big man. He liked eating, he liked strange ways of educating his children and he was always changing, and sometimes he was very generous to them and then he would change toward them and it would be hard for them to get even little things that they needed in the position that was given to them by their father's fortune and large way of living.

He was always walking when he was not eating or sleeping or talking. Always in the evening when he was at home he would be walking up and down in the room to do his thinking and he would keep his money, jingling either in his pockets with his hands constantly moving or free in his hands always changing and dropping and throwing

it as if it were some kind of a game that he was playing, and always he was walking up and down and always thinking. Sometime he would be talking to himself when he was impatient in his thinking.

He was a big man and loved walking, with two or three of his children following begind him or with one beside him, and he always forgetting all about them, and everybody would stop short to look at him, accustomed as they were to see him, for he had a way of tossing his head to get freedom and a way of muttering to himself in his thinking and he had always a movement of throwing his body and his shoulders from side to side as he was arguing to himself about things he wanted to be changing, and always he had the important feeling to himself inside him.

And then as I was saying he was a big man and he was very fond of eating. he had had a brother who had died a glutton, and he liked to buy things that looked good to him.

Sometimes it was a big dead wild goose that appealed to him to take home for cooking and he would carry it with the head hanging and the feathers and the blood sticking to his clothing without his ever knowing there was anything queer about him. Sometimes it was a water melon he had found that promised to be a very good red sweet one and it would always be a very big one, he never liked to undertake anything that was not large in its beginning. The only time in his life that he ever took a little thing was when he chose his wife, the little gentle Fanny Hissen who as I have often been saying could only be sad not angry when any bad thing happened to them, but yet she had a fierce little temper in her that could be very stubborn when it was well roused inside her and she sometimes had such a sharp angry feeling at some of the ways her husband had of doing, mostly when it concerned his not giving things she thought they needed to the children. But mostly they lived very well together the father and mother and three children, that is

when they were young children, later it was harder for them when the father would get his very angry feeling and the mother was a little ailing and the fierce temper broke into weakness and helplessness inside her and the three big struggling young grown men and women were seeking each one his own freedom and his own beginning. But now as children it was just the little uncomfortable feeling of being ashamed of the queer ways he had of doing that his children had to endure with him, then he was joyous and it was mostly pleasant enough living with him, and the mother was gentle and pleasant then with them and strong enough to support her temper that could be very stubborn whenever it arose against him.

But even when he was not doing really queer things like those about which I have been talking, there was always a marked character about him. It came from inside him, from the strong ways he had of beginning, from the important feeling he had always inside him, from his continual thinking and in a different way from that in which all the other people around about him were thinking, and this thinking somehow marked him even when he was just simply walking and then stopping to talk with somebody or just stopping to ask a question of some stranger or to talk about the weather or other just ordinary enough talking, the kind of thing anybody could be saying, and yet the power of being free inside him made him a marked man even then, and nobody could take him to be an ordinary person or ever forget him.

As he would be walking along with a child beside him or several of them behind him, he would stop and sweep the prospect with his cane and begin talking and somebody near him would come to listen. It was just ordinary talking that he would be doing, about the weather or the country or the fruit and it did not seem to have any deep meaning but it was the power and completeness of the identification of this big man with all creation that forced people to think of him. This man was big as all

the world in his beginning, it was nothing in him even if he did not always keep going, he had been as big as all the world once in his feeling and that one never could lose with him.

And so he would stand talking and the unhappy uncomfortable child beside him would try to keep saying something, but the father never really heard him and he would go on with the queer ways in him. Slowly his children learned endurance of him. Later in their life they were queer too like him.

Often when he was walking with his children and passed a shop and saw some fruit or cakes or something that pleased him he took it and gave it to his children and they would be most uncomfortable then and say something about not wanting it to him, "What!", and he never listened to them. The children suffered so because they were not sure that the man inside knew that their father would pay him. The father of course always paid for them but there was something in the manner of him that gave one a kind of feeling that he was big as all the world about him, one included the other in them, the world and him, the earth the sky the people around him the fruit the shops, it was all one and the same, all of it and him, and this kind of a feeling he always gave to them who saw him walking standing thinking talking, that the world was all him, there was no difference in it in him, and the fruit inside or outside him there were no separations of him or from him, and the whole world he lived in always lived inside him.

It was all so simply to him as the world, as all him, and it was this that gave him a big freedom and this big important feeling and the big way of beginning and so made a queer man of him, an eccentric from the others around him, and all that stopped it from making a god of him was his way of being impatient inside him and not being very good at keeping going but always making for himself a new beginning.

This large way of him when it made him take up fruit

from shops to eat and to give to his children made a very uncomfortable shamed child beside him, and it would be protesting to him, and its father would say, "What!", but he never listened to him. The child never did learn that the fruit man would not be worried with him, that they all knew his father and the queer ways of him, and that the father always paid them. The fruit men all knew him and liked the abundant world embracing feeling of him and they liked to see him, but his children never could lose, until they grew up to be queer themselves each one inside him, the uncomfortable feeling that his queer ways gave them.

To him, David Hersland, education was almost the whole of living. In it was always the making of a new beginning, the having ideas, and often changing. And then there were so many ways of considering the question.

There were so many different ways of seeing the meaning of the various parts that made education. There was the health, the mind, the notion of right living, the learning all useful things that he knew they should know how to be doing, and then there was his system of hardening so that they would be ready to make each one their own beginning; and all these needs for them and the many ways to look at them led to many queer things that his children had to endure from him.

Their education was a mixing of hardening, of forcing themselves into a kind of living as if they were poor people and had no one to do things for them, with a way of being very rich, that is having everything the father ever could imagine would do any good to any one of them.

This made a queer mixture in them. They found it a great trouble to them, this past education, when they first began to be young grown men and women. Later in their living they liked it that they had had such a mixing of being rich and poor, together, in them.

As children they all three had loved very well this kind of living. As I was saying they had their ten acres, with a rose hedge to fence their joys in, in that part of Gossols

where no other rich people were living. They had all around them, for them, poor people to know in their daily living, and from them they learned their ways which were queer ways for them who had from their father's fortune a very different kind of position to be natural to them.

In Gossols the Herslands could be freer inside them than if the father had remained with his brothers where the mother had brought them and this freedom he used in the education of his children. They never knew any one of them nor the father who was directing it for them just where their learning was coming from or how it would touch them. Mr. Hersland had all kinds of ways of seeing education. He was fondest of all of the idea of hardening but this was difficult for him to keep steadfast in him with his great interest in every kind of new invention, in wanting that his children should always have anything that could do any good to any one of them.

There was joy in them all in their later living that it had been Gossols where they had had their youthful feeling and later when they learned to know other young grown men and women they loved the freedom that they had inside them, that their father had in his queer way won for them.

CHRONIQUES

I

LITIR O ÉIRINN

Dublin, June.

Despite our adoption of the harp as a national emblem, we, the Irish people are still in a very primitive stage of our musical development. We are as rich in folk music as any nation in western Europe. Very beautiful traditional airs survive among us in astonishing profusion. But we have no other national music save these airs which have been handed down from generation to generation among the peasantry. We have evolved no modern school of Irish music. The peasant has bought a gramaphone, he need no longer devise his own music to shorten the winter nights. Balfe, Hamilton Harty, Stanford, Irishmen no doubt, but each belongs to some step in the development of English music, just as Sheridan represented a stage in the growth of the English drama. There, is, I believe, one living Irishman, Joseph Crofts, who has composed serious music in an Irish mode. But I have never heard his work, and to the best of my knowledge none of it has ever been published.

And I do not think that we, as a race, are wanting in an appreciation of music. When a third-rate opera company visits Dublin the traffic is disorganised by the crowds seeking admission. We have an annual musical festival, the Feis Ceoil, similar in character to the Welsh Eistedfodd, and in Derry and Sligo there are smaller annual feiseanna. The "celebrity" concerts held throughout the winter in Dublin, to which come the great musicians of the world, are extremely popular.

It is, I suppose, a case of arrested development. When the bards and harpers died out a century and a half ago there were none to succeed them, and we became content to take our music, with our laws, from England.

The much-abused "Free State" government has given us one unquestioned benefit in the shape of Colonel Fitz Brase and the Army School of Music. Colonel Brase (late band instructor to the Prussian Guards) on taking over the school found himself in charge of an undisciplined rabble of broken-down musicians. He cleared them out en masse, and going at random among the rank and file of the "Free State" army he picked out men who showed a natural liking for music—men who played the mouth-organ or the tin-whistle in their spare time. Out of this material in a few months he constructed two excellent military bands. These bands have been giving a series of concerts in which they have interpreted difficult orchestral music in a way which I should have deemed impossible to a military band however experienced or well-trained.

The cruit, or small Irish harp, has recently been revived. A society has been formed to encourage the use of these instruments. Being very small they can be carried from place to place without difficulty, and they are well-suited for accompanying the human voice. For many years the manufacture of the cruit had ceased in Ireland, and most of those in use at present have been made to order from Irish designs by a well-known Paris firm.

The Anglo-Irish literary revival which began half a century ago seems to have spent much of its force. Last year was chiefly for experiments in literary journalism. There was the revival of the "Irish Statesman", and the birth of the "Klaxon" and the "Dublin Magazine." The "Irish Statesman" is an extremely well-produced weekly review of literature, art and politics, ably edited by Mr. George Russell (AE). Its political meanderings are unfortunate, for it advocates a watered-down internationalism which is equally displeasing to Nationalists and "Free Staters", and a hybrid social policy which it would be difficult to define.

Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan the poet, edits the "Dublin Magazine", and very wisely ignores politics. It is published monthly in an attractive cover of blue, gold and grey designed by Mr. Harry Clarke. It is interesting for its numerous reproductions of the work of modern Irish artists.

But the birth and death of the "Klaxon" in January was by far the most interesting Irish literary event of the year. It described itself as "An Irish International Quarterly concerned with the activities of all Nations, in matters relating to Art, Music and Literature." I quote from its editorial :—"We are the offspring of a gin-and-vermouth in a local public-house. We swore that we were young and could assert our youth with all its follies. We railed against the psychopedantic parlours of our elders and their old-maidenly consorts, hoping the while with an excess of Picabia and banter, a Whiff of Dadaist Europe to kick Ireland into artistic wakefulness." It contained contri-

butions in prose and verse by ten young Irishmen, and a very interesting criticism of the "Ulysses" of Mr. James Joyce in which that work is compared in detail to a Greek tragedy.

Liam O'Flaherty, a Gaelic-speaking peasant from the Arran Islands who plied a dozen trades in a dozen countries, who fought for the Allies in the European War, and for Ireland when that war was ended, has written two novels. The first, "His Neighbour's Wife", was written, perhaps, with too great a regard for its possibilities as a best-seller. But "The Black Soul" stands unique among Irish novels for passion and simplicity and virile primitive beauty. The time of the novel is 1918, and the place is an island of the west of Ireland. But appart from inconsequential details it might well have been told round the fire by a Firbolg of Galway five thousand years ago.

In modern times England has been universally regarded as leader of the world in athletic sports. But in international contests Irishmen, Welshmen and Scotsmen have always competed as representatives of England, or of the United States, or of some British Dominion. This summer we are to participate in the Olympic Games as a separate national entity. Since the revival of the Olympic Games some twenty eight years ago Irishmen have won seventeen of the athletic events. The Irish Olympic Council intends to enter teams for athletics and cycling, lawn tennis, boxing and water-polo (thirty-seven competitors in all). These are being selected from the whole of Ireland, and not merely from the "Free State".

That Ireland should achieve anything extraordinary on this occasion could scarcely be expected. For the last eight years the youth of the country has had little time or opportunity for athletic training. And although the half-starved life on the hills with its exposure and fatigue and ceaseless vigilance might produce a race of strong men, it is counter-balanced by the experiences of the prison and the internment-camp. Lack of air and exercise, semi-starvation, disease and frequent hunger-strikes are more suitable training for a mediæval saint than for an international athlete.

It is the intention of the "Free State" government to revive the Tailteann Games this year. According to tradition this festival was of similar origin to the ancient Olympic Games. The Tailteann Games were first held as funeral sports in honour of Queen Tailte, and were celebrated with little intermission from the year 632 B. C. until the year 1169 A. D., when the Anglo-Norman invasion took place.

The programme, which reads like an extract from the writings of Mr. James Joyce, includes competitions in :—Archery, arts and crafts, athletics, billiards, boxing, camoguidheacht, clay-pigeon shooting, chess, cycling, dancing, fiannocht, foot-

ball, golf, gymnastics, handball, hurling, Gaelic and English literature, motor-cycling, music, rounders, rowing, swimming, tennis, tug-of-war, yachting and motor-boat races.

It is unfortunate for the success of this project that its original president, President de Valera, and fifteen hundred political prisoners, several of them newly-elected deputies of Dail Eireann, and most of them well-known whether as soldiers or writers, scientists or business-men or members of public bodies, should be in gaol. None of these men have been tried by judge and jury. In consequence, nationalist Ireland will have nothing to do with the games until the prisoners are released, and whether they can take place at all or not without popular support is doubtful. The people of North-East Ulster have announced their intention of participating, and it would be unfortunate if the project had to be dropped, for the co-operation of the Ulster Protestants in an avowedly Gaelic all-Ireland assembly would be an impressive symbol of national unity.

It has been suggested that Grafton Street be turned into a picture gallery for the use of Irish artists during the progress of the festival. Whether the shop-keepers of Grafton Street would be so enthusiastic for the promotion of Irish Art, as to lend their windows for this purpose is extremely doubtful.

Geoffrey Coulter.

II

LETTRE DE PARIS

Paris, Midsummer

.....Tu es bien gentil, mais que veux-tu que je te racontes. Paris est toujours à la même place, et les femmes porteront beaucoup de Crèpe Romain cet été. Criqui s'est fait descendre par Danny Frusch et les sportifs Français n'ont pas pleuré. Nous l'avons du reste échappé belle, Millerand n'a pas fait défiler la garde Républicaine sur les Boulevards. Une petite Révolution s.v.p. Des petits Tanks bien propres sur le Boulevard Montparnasse, et le silence de la Rotonde devant les parfaits joujoux des canons de 37. Tu aurais peut être même trouvé un chapitre en plus pour "In our Time" ; comment le sang aurait-il coulé, à la guillotine, ou à la fusillade ?

Non, après tout, restes fidèle aux Bull fights, comme nous autres français nous redevenons fidèles aux petits vieux. Cette fois, voilà la paix revenue. Nous nous amuserons aux querelles de village. La maîtresse de Monsieur le Sénateur redeviendra le grand personnage. A nouveau, nous aurons des affaires Panama, Dreyfus et surtout Steinheil. Nous sommes un peuple composé de vieux. Nulle part, ils ne sont aussi nombreux. Nous avons cru qu'avec la guerre ca serait fini. Bien au contraire.

Comme les gens âgés aiment l'argent pour l'argent, nous passons, sous le Règne des financiers après celui des Industriels. Rien ne changera. Peut être le franc descendra-t-il si les Financiers le veulent.

Ça coûte déjà cent sous pour aller à Colombes. Y as-tu déjà été ? Je crois que non, moi non plus. On ne connait, du reste, personne qui ait été voir les jeux olympiques.

L'Amérique s'intéresse beaucoup à la France, Rockefeller vient de donner un million de dollar pour faire tailler les haies de Versailles. Morgan nous a prêté de l'argent pour racheter des boutons dorés aux garçons de recette de la Banque de France. Nous, nous le repaierons, n'aies pas peur, mon vieux ..... A Pâques ou à la Trinité...

Du reste, depuis que je t'ai vu courir du Dôme à la Rotonde, de la Rotonde au Dôme à la recherche de la première Edition du dernier journal littéraire anglais de Montparnasse, en bon ami, je dois te crier casse cou. On commence par chercher des

premières éditions et on finit par porter des faux-cols — comme — Anatole France. Expliques-moi donc pourquoi nous avons eu en France des fausses grandes gloires littéraires plus qu'ailleurs. Victor Hugo, Zola, Anatole France.Vous nous connaissez en Amérique par Anatole France et Alexandre Dumas, serait-ce parce que devant la Barbe Vénérable d'Anatole, mille petits enfants ont chantés en chœur à l'occasion de ses 80 ans, comme dans un Griffith Film ?

Ou bien est-ce parce qu'il est si « Intelligent » ou l'a-t-il été ? Plus personne ne s'en souvient. C'est beau l'intelligence, mais méfiez-vous d'elle, Américains. Nous en avons de trop même à Montparnasse ! Ils y finissent mieux que leurs aînés tout de même, Picasso a un chapeau melon et joue à la Bourse, Coppeau a créé le Vieux Colombier, première boîte de la Rive gauche. Montmartre n'a plus qu'à bien se tenir. Le Chat Noir a aussi attiré les Esthètes de son époque, mais nous allons plus vite maintenant.

On vient déjà voir la Rotonde le soir en auto-car et avec le même ton que le guide emploie pour montrer la tour Eiffel, il s'écrie :

Ladies and gentleman here we have the artistic night life of Paris ; Here gather the intellectuals from the far corners of the earth.

Et c'est là que nous sommes assis, mon vieux, toi et moi et les autres.

Marcel Le Son.

III

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

New York, July.

Two things are distressing in New York: the dwarfing of trees and the enormous portions of food served. Otherwise she is much like any other large city of to-day and, to the casual visitor, pleasanter than many. You just walk about, much as you do at home, wherever your home may be, there being nothing very much to notice that you would not notice in a Paris or London that have altered a little during an absence. Bus conductors extend to you an odd instrument that draws your dime insistently from your fingers; tram conductors take your nickel and put it in their trouser-pockets without giving you a ticket; taxi-chauffeurs are civil; policemen patronising but obliging; club and hotel porters well-mannered. (*One* aristocratic club cloak-room attendant did remark to the friend with whom we were: "I giv that guy", meaning Us, "your Stetson on his check". But that was the only adventure we had). And the telephone service is so admirable, so soft, so smooth, that calling up is bliss. It is is worth going to New York to experience it...

There are of course the tall houses, but these are so discounted for you by rumour beforehand that you do not at first notice their extreme beauty. Indeed rumour beforehand, the achievements of American short-story writers and all the activities of all the intellectual ambassadors that the United States have sent out to an interested world have made New York appear so exactly what one had expected that there isn't upon landing anything like a shock at all. The quite amiable Customs House officials made us pay forty-one dollars and sixty cents upon one dozen books of our own writing that, in anticipation of the lavish hospitality which we expected and more than duly received, we had brought with us for purposes of presentation. But as we had expected much more dreadful things at the hands of these officials that was not shocking and the moral enjoined is no doubt a good one: Authors should not expect that presentation copies of their own works will serve as a return for lavish hospitalities. The Customs House officials indeed informed us that if we had brought the books for purposes of sale we should have had to pay only four dollars sixteen.

Thus commerce is encouraged and the giving of presents contemned. That is perhaps a form of Puritanism.

It is the only form of Puritanism that we encountered in New York. American writers from Mr. Mencken to Mr. Pound have so rubbed into us the Puritan aspects of America that, walking at first along Fifth Avenue we did so with eyes on the ground lest we should catch a lady's eye. We knew, from deep study of all the writers on the subject that, did we so much as contemplate a person of the opposing sex, immediately an immense Cop with an immense Club would fell us to the pavement ; that we should at once be conveyed to the Tombs and treated to the Third Degree ; that breaches of the (protestant) seventh commandment are punishable with death by the law of the State of New York and the mere contemplation of such a breach by a life-sentence. Gradually however we observed that all the New York police had been taken off the jobs of prevention or detection of crime and put to the work of traffic regulation and, venturing to raise our eyes, we observed the skyline.

In eleven years or so the skyline has much altered : the Flat-iron that used to stand up as a joyous white column is dwarfed relatively into a dingy tea-pot ; the terrific canyons are more terrific ; the streets still more narrowed by comparison. Indeed it was interesting to observe that when, during the Democratic Convention, festoons of coloured lamps ran along Fifth Avenue so that the heights above were shut off in complete blackness, the road-way itself appeared quite broad—as broad as Regent Street or the Grands Boulevards ; and even Broadway which below Union Square seems no wider than the Rue Vavin shewed actually as a respectable thoroughfare. So when by day you enter Madison Square on a bus-top you are astonished to see in the heart of a vast city, gorse bushes, brambles, and other dwarf vegetation ; it is only at night you know these to be really trees, dreaming up into a blackness presided over by the amusing but not unlovely Big Ben that glitters all over that night. So all the glitterings and bangings of New York nights are amusing and lovely ; but not in the least Puritan. You might be on the Grands Boulevards ; you might be in Piccadilly Circus when the theatres are disgorging.

It isn't of course for us to approach American problems, or any rate it is not for us to approach them in any dogmatic spirit. Lookers on are said to see the most of any game, so one may, presumably observe and suggest—and of course listen. And listening, one becomes rapidly aware of the two American problems : those of Americanisation and of the evolution of a labouring class. The one is no affair of ours. You have as *chose donnée* that the American Ruling Classes are determined

to limit immigration to what is called the Nordic Races and since the English and, for the matter of that, the Franch, will not readily emigrate to the United States we must presume that all future modification of the American populace will be German-Scandinavian, with the Jews of those nations in a majority. That is not our affair.

It is however interesting to observe that America has developed a Ruling Class—the class that with a very marked and articulate will has brought about Anti-Drink Legislation, Anti-Realist Literature Legislation, Anti-Emigration and all the Anti-Legislation whose end would seem to be to enforce on the American citizen what we will call the Old German virtues. You might call them the old Anglo-Saxon virtues were it not that England has so long ago abandoned the attempt to make the Englishman good by act of Parliament that virtues so obtained can hardly be styled English. They might indeed more exactly be diagnosed as Prussian, the determination to drill a nation into a set mould of civic characteristics having, more than anyone else, distinguished the Hohenzollerns whose subjects were lectured at, preached at, policed and be-lawed into the sort of standardisation that would seem to be the aim of Americanisers. And indeed we are told that the Middle West is responsible for this standardisation and that the inhabitants of the Middle West are preponderantly German. So Messrs Mencken and Pound would seem to waste their breaths—as so many of us lately wasted our labours. The ruling class rests immutable in the immense wheat fields. *Stet pro ratione voluntas*, it says.

And America whose native birthrate is little progressive and whose manual labour from time immemorial has been performed by slaves avows itself faced with the problem of the evolution of a Working Class. It has exhausted its negro *main d'œuvre*, its Irish, its Dago ; it has closured immigration. Ten years ago, when we last trod the streets of Gotham, the image of any industrial cosmogony—say of a great Railway Trust, was thus : In the administrative offices you had Anglo-Saxons ; as engineers you had second-rate German sappers, the best being snaffled by the Prussian state railways ; the foremen and gangers were Irish of Irish birth ; the platelayers Italian gang-slaves imported by padrones ; the navvies, Letts, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, any sort of mournful and inarticulate human riff-raff that could be kept at their heavy labours by the lash and the leg-iron and that could be robbed of their wages by the canteens of the Railway Trusts. These last two classes are now by law excluded ; the first three are all wearers of white collars. The denizens of the administrative offices occupy now the ancestral homes of England and the chateaux of France ; the ex-German sappers wearing the bronze stars of the A. E. F.

administer throughout the Middle-West new railway systems and promote laws against Darwinism in the public schools; the Irish gangers—well, they occupy the armchairs of the City Fathers when, in processions along Fifth Avenue they are not denouncing the poor old Oppressor. So the United States of North America has to evolve a Working Class of its own. That is no affair of ours.

It is none the less a little saddening; because once we called the New World in to redress the class-balance of the Old. But, with its eternal optimism —for all the world as if it were an immense Mr. H. G. Wells — America faces its problem and decrees that the Working Class shall be the Machine. The negro being gone from the cotton fields to die of pneumonia on the shore of Lake Michigan, something of steel and sweating lubricants shall chase the boll-weevil in the land of cotton. The cowboy being gone from the prairie to shoot the pheasant in the ancestral coppices of the Howards, steers shall be roped by self-acting Fords directed from a tower in Forty Third street. (Or perhaps that is the traffic?)... Well, that is one way.

New York, on the other hand, does seem to have discovered another. For, in New York, you find cheerful and agreeable service—in a degree that is undiscoverable in London and perhaps only elsewhere in Paris where Democracy seems to reach its pleasantest heights; where every bootblack calls you Monsieur and where you call every bootblack Monsieur. (For ourselves on getting out of an elevator say in the Woolworth Building we always removed our Hat and remarked "Thank you!" to the operator which sometimes caused confusion. But after a time even around Nassau Street it will be realised that an elevator-man's elevator is his castle and that if you remove your hat to him you are saluting the tutelary deities of his symbolic hearth.) So in several splendid and new ways New York is providing what we are looking for—a cosmopolitanism that shall clothe the fringes of the Atlantic with the habitations of a populace intent more than anything on its job. Of course a populace intent more than anything on its job lies open to the danger of being exploited as the artist must always be exploited. And we hope we shall not appear offensive if we say that in New York just as elsewhere the practitioners of the Arts seem to form an embattled minority in the midst of bitterly indifferent tribes. *That* problem not even New York shall solve. But the defects of one's career one must accept—and if the New York taxi chauffeur is civil, obliging and content with relatively smaller tips than his confrères of London or Paris, he isn't, any more than the charmingly voiced New York telephone girl, a downtrodden individual. So, for the moment, in that garden all is fair.

We hear —Ah, songs the syrens sang!—the voices of those who instructed us in the pleasant boskage of Gramercy Park exclaiming: But New York *isn't* America! And by implication America isn't New York... We regret it as we regret that America is America, England, England; or France agressively France. There ought to be, round the Atlantic a great stretch of territory in every division of which the Proper Man should feel himself at home; there ought to be and there will be. One day. And, amusing and lovely as she is, New York is a white, tall milestone on that road. So let her children extol her... As for the other thing: we paid we believe for only two meals during our stay in this munificent city. On the first occasion we walked into the open doorway of a restaurant, ordered a meal and a bottle of white wine for two. These were served without comment. On the second occasion we did without the wine because being British one has a dislike for breaking the laws of a hospitable country—when the laws appear so easy to break.

An Americanisation.

During our absence on those other pavements this Review has been ably edited by Mr. Ernest Hemingway, the admirable Young American prose writer. Except for the London Musical Chronique of Mr. Hussey which was commissioned long ago and the charming letter on music in America which we ourselves procured from Miss Malkiel of New York, the presen number is entirely o. Mr. Hemingway's getting together It must prove an agreeable change for the Reader and it provides him with an unusually large sample of the work of that Young America whose claims we have so insistently—but not with such efficiency—forced upon our readers. It should thus please our esteemed correspondent Old Glory. We are aware by the bye that Miss Dorothy Richardson whose work we delight to see in our pages, is English by birth, even as is Miss Butts. Or we believe so, Nationalisms not being our strong suit. Otherwise, save for M. Satie whose letter we believe we are forced to publish by French Law, we imagine, the other contributors to this number to be American by birth mariage, adoption or in such ways as shew American predilections sufficiently strong to let them form part of the embattled minority of the western world. May they help to hoist the flag of U. S Art a little higher on the National flagstaff and so provide the Banner with a fortyninth star. (It is probably reading Mr. Coulter's Litir that makes us so mix our metaphors)

For the rest, with its next number the Review will re-assume its international aspect, the final instalments of Mr. Chaucer and Mr. Ionides being to appear, and, should any large body of readers so demand, some more of *Some do Not*. Other works of English and French writers will also be again allowed to creep in.

COMMUNICATIONS

I

THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE BRITON

To the Editor, *The Transatlantic Review.*

Dear Sir,

By the unfortunate omission of one word from my Plymouth Letter of your seventh number you have made Mr. Kipling be responsible for a day dream that must pass even his projections of national glory. What Mr. Kipling said to Mr. James was that he imagined the motor car would make the Englishman *think*, words which, as Mr. James said, might mean something to Mr. Kipling, and so on. So, sir, you have spoilt part of one of my best stories.

I have the honour to be,
Your obdt servant.
The Writer of the Article.

II

ROBERT McALMON'S PROSE

1. *A COMPANION VOLUME*

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.

Sir

I feel a relief, a delighful relaxation in reading McAlmon, an enjoyment that is more developed in this third book, *A Companion Volume*, than the others, but remains of a kind with that of his earlier essays.

This release is taking a more definite form as I read. It is due entirely to the authenticity of the author's perceptions.

I know now that not everybody will get this pleasure. It is perhaps reserved for essentially sober temperaments satisfied only with unarranged statement of all classes of facts. At least I may say that for me McAlmon is satisfying and diverting because of that in his work which is bare statement of a certain sort of fact.

Several of these stories are immeasurably superior to anything in *A Hasty Bunch*. An occasional patchiness of the earlier work due to insufficient organization of the story as a whole, and a too headlong attempt at characterization—has in the best of the present work entirely disappeared.

Where McAlmon is at his best—as in *Three Generations of the Same*, *Spectators*, and *An Illiterate but Interesting Woman* —his success is to me sometimes amazing in its fulness and rapidity. The characters are vividly distinguished, unstandardized as to type, interestingly diverse and in many instances refreshingly new as literary creations—and they are set down with an economy and finality that twenty simultaneous novels thereon could only obscure.

The compression of the language, with a complete naturalness of speech to support it, often gains an effect with ten words that another would take ten pages to render. And the language itself is not the least of the charms. Its freshness, its entire lack of derivativeness, the way it follows with perfect litheness the swift passage from characterization to incident to characterization is one of McAlmon's most important attaintments. This is surely an *American* creation. If sometimes a sentence is involved in appearance, looking as if it were going three ways at once, preposition last—on closer inspection it will often be found to be an illuminating synthesis that has carried one safely, even brilliantly through what otherwise would have been a gloomy corridor, from light to light.

McAlmon is putting over in his prose some of the best work being done by an American today.

II. *POST ADOLESCENCE*

Between the relation in this single account of a young man's life in the American Metropolis and the stories in *A Hasty Bunch*, there is a marked difference of tone. Scarcely does the physical city enter here at all, as the prairie and westerns towns come into the earlier work. The people also do not stand out as do those earlier characters but seem visible through a gauze.

Viewed from a certain vantage the book will seem a failure, that is if compared with some of the high lights McAlmon has already accomplished. But this would be to take a wrong point of view. This is a new problem that has been handled not as the material in *A Hasty Bunch* but in a manner proper to the new necessity: a *journal intime*.

On the surface the book sets out to depict many sorts of people encountered among the city streets. But the final impression, and the fact, is that here is only one person, a young man hounded in his own body by the realities of love and sex, which just at the close of adolescence are seen introspectively possessing him. These appearances come to him in the persons of his friends. Now he is seeing this one now that but always failingly. He tries to understand them but he cannot except in inspirational flashes. It is all through a mist. The apparent unsuccess is the very color of the book itself.

It is the story of a confession and nothing else. It cannot be understood otherwise. Taken in that way it is poignantly well done.

Throughout is felt the weight of that veil against which the man is struggling—the city is a ghost of coffee houses and cheap restaurants. But occasionnally when the man *Peter* rebels McAlmon succeeds in putting down some passages of brilliant effect. *Peter*, the centre of the story, will from time to time gather himself together against the oppressive force he feels upon him, when he flings himself like a ball into the tairas if he would by sheer abandon and flight penetrate through to light and freedom.

One of the best of these passages is the dance scene toward the beginning of the book. I do not recall having come upon a depiction of unreasoning youthful exaltation, under the stimulus of musical rhythm, more intensely presented. But

if the man in the story, tormented as he is, occasionally slips back into his primitive reactions for relief, nevertheless there is nowhere in the book a sensuous wallowing in animalism high or low; there is nothing Dostoieffskian here; nothing for hell, nothing for heaven. There is a sustained effort to see clearly through to personality in a world clouded by the impersonal unknown. The character of *Peter* is carried on through an imperfect light peering straight on to the end.

Here and there McAlmon will disclose his strengh by swift fhashes of fine character drawing, equal to his best work in *A Hasty Bunch*; personalities come in fitful snatches, to be snatched away again swiftly and unreasonably as in a dream. In some of the conversational exchanges between *Peter* and *Brander* there is good work of this sort. But it is as a whole, as the intimate account of a young man beset by the fulminations of his post-adolescent condition that the book must be finally understood to be enjoyed.

William Carlos Williams.

III

CAHIERS D'UN MAMMIFÈRE

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review

Sir

Cocteau a mille fois raison :—"Plus de scandale", dit-il... En effet, les scandales sont trop scandaleux et scandalisent tout le monde. Aussi conseille-t-il a ses acolytes Laloy et Auric d'éviter tout scandale — même infime, incolore et invisible.

Car en prenant de l'âge *(40 ans)*, on devient sérieux — très sérieux... fortement sérieux — grave *(et assez bas)*. C'est ce qui arrive à Cocteau : il prend du ventre (moralement, bien entendu)... Comme on change, tout de même!... Quarantaine diabolique, où nous mènes-tu?...

Tout cela me fait songer, et me rend mélancolique et misanthropique... Oui...

Combien ai-je besoin de tels conseils *(de famille)*!... Ne vais-je pas m'exercer à les suivre?... même d'un peu loin?...

Là, Cocteau ne nous donne-t-il pas un bel exemple? Il renonce aux pompes du siècle — qu'elles soient aspirantes ou refoulantes *(si j'ose dire)*. Oui... Faisons de même ; n'hésitons pas : aspirons et refoulons nos pompes. Ne repompons plus. Qu'est-ce que nous risquons?

Dans les "*Nouvelles Littéraires*", ce cher Auric me traite de "notaire normand", de "pharmacien de banlieue", de "citoyen Satie" *(du Soviet d'Arcueil)*...

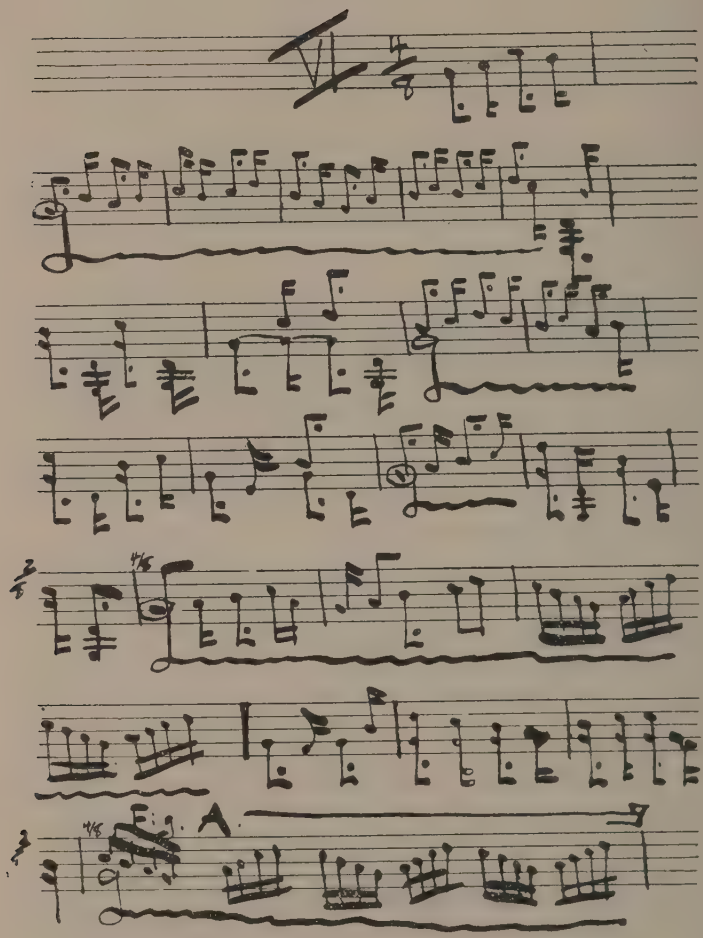
Très bien, mon petit ami... Qu'il continue ; qu'il se "relaloyse" de fond en comble... Après, on verra. Oui.

Mon crime? Je n'aime pas ses *Facheux* "retapés" et "truqués".. Ceux qui me disent que ce regretté ami n'est qu'un "plat pied", exagèrent ; il n'est, très simplement, qu'un Auric (Georges) — ce qui est déjà trop suffisant pour un homme (?) seul.

Erik Satie.

transatlantic review.

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT


VI
A

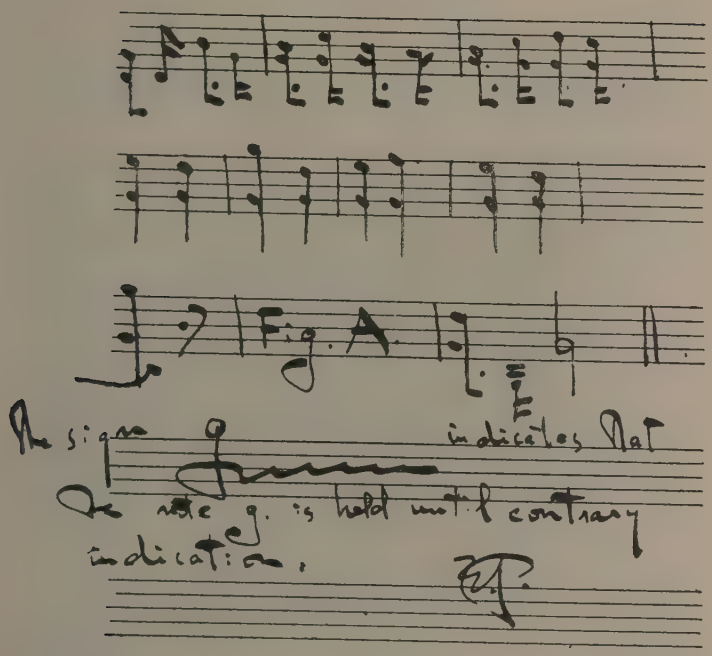


Fig. A.
The sign
indicates that
the note g. is held until contrary
indication.

NOTES FOR PERFORMERS

by William Atheling,

with marginalia emitted by Georges Antheil.

(Continued from Musical Supplement in Vol. 1, No. 5)

Atheling.

February 1919.

Tchaikowsky: a certain cheapness is imminent in this composer. He is not cheap all the time, or even, perhaps, most of the time but he keeps one in a state of anxiety.

Stravinsky imitates him, but then one loses all anxiety: as I say, music need be neither good nor bad, it must be one thing or the other—sic. good or bad. G. A.

A concert lasts an hour and a half; it is not an organic composition like an act or the whole, of an opera or a symphony. The element of main form must be supplied. I have already written about various means for variety. Beyond them, one should introduce a certain number of songs with more or less symmetrical wave lengths; something with a discernible and regular metre... The element of "regular" rhythm is often (probably without consciousness or design) supplied by the "classic" numbers familiar at the beginning of concerts.

...one cannot be expected to sit through the poems of E. Wheeler Wilcox whoever set them or sing them.

The weakness of these modern French musicians is that their music rises and falls in value exactly in proportion with the literary quality of the words; these composers cannot hide or improve a banality of the poems which they use.

This is not a fatal defect, but it demands a double care for literature on the musician's part.

You can always tell from words on the programme whether the music will be interesting.

"It will be safe to assume" that a KENNEDY-FRASER concert will have certain glorious moments, moments unique in the season's concert-hearing. M. Kennedy-Fraser has, definitely, genius. I do not overwork that word in these columns, and I use it, to denote a certain profound intuition and emotional knowledge of the subject.

The music of free period, of a constantly varying phrase-length and rhythm-length is a freedom from fixed lengths but the symmetry must underlie, and the sense of this symmetry must be kept fresh and vivid, if not in the consciousness, at least in the sub-consciousness of the performer... The pitfalls

of enthusiasm, particularly of irresponsible other-peoples, enthusiasm are numberless, numberless and ubiquitous.

The fine great-chested virtuo is never enthusiastic without a system. G. A.

April 1919.

If there is a literate class in England it does not go in for music. And if there are English musicians with anything like general culture, they are screened assiduously from the public gaze.

Thematic invention in music has coincided with periods when musicians were intent on poetry, intent on the weakest spot in contemporary music *everywhere*. The rythms of French are less marked, but only in France do we find a careful study of the verbal qualities. I do not think I have shown any delirious or unbalanced appreciation of the modern French, but among their song-setters are practically the only contemporary song-setters whom one can respect.

English contemporary poetry is, I suppose, very dull, and there is very little rhythmic invention in it ; but even so, writers intent on melody would, if they were serious in their technical intention, make greater effort to combine with musicians,and musicians would attempt to learn something from authors about the meeting-points of the two arts. As it is, the musician's attitude towards the lyric is too apt to be "Get me some thing that I can end on a high note. Got to make some money". Players will not practice for trios and quartettes ; there is no place or company where any number of writers and musicians meet to try new experiments of an "unpractical nature". I recently met a poet who wanted a poem set to cymbals and cello in order to develop or illustrate the tonality of his words. The man is "of course" a lunatic. No Chapell-Ballad-minded aggregation would tolerate such departure from suburban custom. A "song" is words set to py-ano music. It doesn't matter what words.

The difficulty of getting even "revolutionary" musicians to reinstate instruments once in good standing is also of interest.

It is not the business of the business-like songsetter to express anything, or to find poems worth further musical developments, or poems in which the verbal rhythm contains the germ of larger musical structure. All of which is very lamentable.

The artist must have a faint touch of fanaticism *somewhere* in his nature. Heaven knows that fanaticism in excess is worse than garlic in excess, but...

.. we noticed also how stupid Liszt was, and how little he knew about chords.

Stupidity is not an asset in the arts. Passion is as blind as you like, and it sweeps over intellectual subtleties in the drive upon its own truth, but there is a fundamental stupidity in some

natures, composing and writing natures against which no perseverance or labour is any avail. Liszt was stupid. You can make impressive sounds on the piano while playing Liszt, but you cannot completely conceal his fundamental and congenital and ineradicable lack of intelligence, his lack of susceptibility. He would try to make a watch go by beating it with a potato-masher.

I am tired of fire-eaters, ten cent stores, cheap vaudeville. Sheer brilliance alone is about done in. Witness Listz's tone poems, Strauss' "Salome" and Stravinsky's "Oiseau de Feu". We are gradually tiring of old whisker'd Rimsky-Korsakoff, dressed in Johnny's knickerbockers and rolling a hoop. G. A.

...the easy tolerance of the operatic era is waning. Opera is a diffuse form; it was made to cover light, after-dinner conversation; the exigeant audience which concentrated its attention on careful Mediaeval canzoni had given way to eighteenth century fluster.

...let us admit that it is a good thing for singers to get off the beaten track and hunt up music that is lying in desuetude.

Opera was best in court conditions. It is for an audience that drifts together for social reasons and which wishes the social pressure to be loosened, the necessity for conversation to be diminished. Concert conditions are much more the conditions of song-composition "Preisleid".

Today the swifter young crowd are taking up vaudeville in the same way. The most fashionable way is according to the guiding principles in "The Seven Lively Arts". G. A.

...the blunt-wittedness of contemporary musicians, and their general incapacity for literary choice and selection.

"Music in stucco" is certainly the proper designation for a great and damnable category.

May 1919.

It requires a certain nerve to appear in religious dimness with a futurist lampshade and to play from the printed page. Memory is not, however, the supreme faculty; and if a performer can use printed notes instead of memory without detriment to his or her performance I see no reason against it.

Horror of all academic and established heads of musical seminaries!

...personality—a quality more apt to enrich one's private life than to draw swift and easy public success.

Anyone with a capacity for grinning has a "pleasing stage personality". G. A.

I have before proponded the theory that Chopin was *not* the De Musset of music.

Then Franck ran near to the danger zone where music verges into noise.

Yes, a kind of silvery, angelic, unbearable noise. G. A.

Therefore in the mind of this kind of person music is in either "regular", or "irregular" rhythm. The last you invariably credit to the last living composer who has dared to do anything with rhythm at all. It is the easiest and most superior thing that he can do; he must at all costs be superior, and at the same time insure himself against further invasion. In this way "music", or rhythm, as it really fundamentally is, makes little progress. New music creates a riot, i.e. (the breaking out of the primitive hysterical impulses, laughter, shouting, standing up in seats, etc.) while the wise ones analyze it to their total satisfaction as, after all, derivative. Two days ago a certain superior person assured me that a certain negro melody from the Congo was composed by Strawinsky. At that point I lost my politeness.

One remarks on his ability, and then, to get one's estimate into some sort of scale and proportion, one thinks that Chopin would have expressed an equal amount of whatever this series was intended to express with half the number of digital impacts.

Neither Prudhomme nor Victor Marguerite were poets of first rank; and the modern French composers are utterly at the mercy of the poet whose words they set.

Debussy as I have indicated before, was a glorious heresy. He writes for the excitement of phantasmagoria, for the evocation of visual imaginations, and in just so far as he does this his work is unorthodox and off the true track of music. It is definitely a heresy, a beautiful and bewildering heresy, which should have its own converts and enthusiasts; but it is no mortal use trying to play his music as if it were "pure", as if it were simply "sound" arranged into time and pitch patterns for the expression of emotion. And if the player be not initiate into this realm of evoked images, he or she will never play Debussy as anything but an outsider.

Bravo! G. A.

E. P.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER OF THE EARTH

by George Antheil.

Two things have allowed untalented persons by the countless thousands to succeed in music during the last few centuries:

1. the repetition of the 3/4, 2/4, 6/8, or 4/4 bar *solely* for an entire piece or section of a larger form.

2. counterpoint, which can be learned by any idiot in a couple of years.

To which I make the following observations:

to number 1, does musical doggerel insinuate musical talent?

to number 2, take away the accidentals from Schonberg and you will have the perfect Mendelsohn. Reger was also a fraud.

The following thoughts come to me:

to number 1, the stupifying effect of the centuries means that we have given doggerel a nicer name, "melody".

"Melody" does not exist! "Melody" *is* rhythm. Rhythm is a fundamental element in music. Rhythm can exist by itself. Image the existence of "melody" without rhythm, however! "Melody" comes out of rhythm. And when it comes out of doggerel rhythm, it *is* doggerel; it becomes the word itself.

Today one cannot use doggerel without taste. If it is used at all, it must be used with taste. One should make no bones about it, and try to insist that it is something that it isn't. It is quite beautiful as doggerel. It has pleased us a long time, and it can please us a longer time, if used tastefully... just such a tiny bit, here and there, now and then, if one has that temperament.

Debussy said always "Taste above all". With errors of judgment where is your talent? How can you give us *all* doggerel? Go to the music shops and see the stacks and piles of dusty, worthless music accumulated, and get properly dis-

couraged. The last two centuries were rather worthless. We are a great deal more bored with music than they were some hundreds, or thousands of years ago.

All music is rhythm. In the beginning there was rhythm, and in the end there will be rhythm with various pitched tones.

Dare I suggest that there are good rhythms, better rhythms, and worse rhythm? Dare I say that there is better music, and worse music. Is there still a field for taste and discrimination? Do we necessarily need to link all new rhythmic experimentation with Stravinsky's "Sacre", or Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scherezade"? At the least sign of a break from the four Gods of music; 3/4, 2/4, 6/8, or 4/4, do we need to run to Stravinsky like little cry-babies, and call "Father"?

Stravinsky did not invent rhythm! His "Sacre" is boring in just enough spots not to give him exclusive right to rhythm. You might just as well conceed a man the exclusive rights to music, *all music*. When you do that, you make a silly, massive, and flamboyant gesture. You might just as well say that Stravinsky is mother of the earth!

The incapable mind, which is a per cent of the sum and total of the minds of the world much greater than I care to mention, has to have a quick classification for everything in order to be at ease with its own little ego. In this case it makes a rapid little calculation: "is this music in regular rhythm, or irregular? If it is regular, it doesn't need to disturb me; if the rhythms don't get me off the track, I don't give a whoop what kind of harmonies they pile on. In fact, *I believe* that I like wild, twenty storey chords upon such a basis... it gives one such a thrill of being *oh, so modern*! without upsetting one's equilibrium." But if it is irregular, "...let's see, didn't Stravinsky write irregular rhythms... spasmodic rhythms... rhythms we really don't know! That's it... Stravinskyism!"

This is all very well as far as it goes (for that type of mind) but it doesn't go far enough. What about Rimsky-Korsakoff? Aha! Igor Stravinsky, you Rimsky-Korsakoffist! Aha Rimsky-Korsakoff you Moussorgskyist! Aha Moussorgsky, you swiper from the Russian peasants. What about the music from the camp-fires of a thousand, no! a million years! What about the tom-toms. What about the niggers down in Africa. What about the Mongols sweeping over Europe in the middle ages. Do you have to track everything back to the courts of Louis and Napoleon? Do you forever have to stilt about in court dress to 4/4 time, or waltz in the evenings to 3/4? Is there nothing else to your intellectual grasp of situations beyond that of measely little European culture of the last few centuries, a drop in the bucket?

We are a funny people. Less than a week after Covent Garden had been packed to acclaim what was probably the best performance of the *Rosenkavalier* ever given in London, the same house was more than half empty for the production of *Ariadne auf Naxos* in its revised version. *Ariadne* is certainly vastly inferior to the earlier work though it contains a good deal of music which is quite as good. It also provided us with a first opportunity of hearing Maria Ivognen who had come over with a tremendous reputation. This was fully sustained by her performance of Zerbinetta's amazing *coloratura*. Yet the public interest in the novelty by a composer who had just obtained an enormous success was not sufficient to justify its retention on the stage and the third performance was withdrawn.

Is it then any wonder that our musical organisations are unenterprising and that the enthusiast with no spare money for journeys and hotels must suffer his mouth to water at the unattainable feast of Parisian delights set forth in the advertisement pages of the *Revue Musicale*? The wonder is, rather, that any new work at all ever gets put on in London. And how did the old ones ever obtain sufficient popularity to stay?

In our concert-programme there is much the same tale of endless repetitions; there the public does not suffer so much: it stays away. But those unfortunates whose daily business it is to be present at these performances come, by the end of June, to dread the sight of recital-programmes with their straight rows of repeated cabbages and their coveys of eternal partridges. How grateful I was to Mme Yolanda Mero for the cauliflower she had accidentally sown in the Chopin-patch at one of her recent concerts! It was a *Larghetto* which I do not remember ever having heard before...

Ariadne, to return from the kitchen garden to the sheepfold, is badly worked out as to libretto and nothing comes of the idea of a simultaneous performance of a tragedy and a farce, the serious ending being ridiculous and the final duet musically the weakest thing in the whole opera. Had the threads been more skilfully interwoven and had Bacchus, as he obviously would have done, gone off with the attractive Zerbinetta instead of maundering over the dolorous Ariadne it might have made an agreeable play. The music is worthy of remark for the way in which Strauss has caught the language of the eighteenth century and spoken it in his own character, but the new Prologue with the troubles of operatic composers and the jealousies of singers was mostly dull, though one could admire the solution of the problem of setting speech to music which Strauss has here accomplished as naturally as Debussy did in *Pelleas et Melisande*.

But my real point is to emphasize the hopeless apathy of the London public which will justify no enterprise on the part of

concert-givers or impresarios. A public gets the entertainment it deserves—with sometimes a little added over and above its deserts. Audiences who have applauded with so little discrimination the Isolde of Miss A., the Wotan of Mr. B. and the conducting of Mr. C., certainly did not deserve those of Frieda Leider, Friedrich Schorr and Bruno Walter. These artists, among many who were excellent showed us what Wagner can be and removed from my mind forever the possible reproach of his being even for a moment a bore. In future I shall know, that if ever I find a passage in the later operas dull, it is my fault for being tired or the performers' for being incompetent. Of course, attention to the "Ring" is an exacting task; but it is hypocrisy on the part of people who are too lazy to listen to it, to accuse Wagner of being tedious. If they were honest, they would confess that they do not care for any music that is not frivolous and that they cannot endure, even in order to make a pretence of intelligence or to show off a new frock, more than two hours of it. So we may consider ourselves fortunate to have had such a season with such artists as I have mentioned, to whom must be added Maria Olezewska, Lotte Lehmann, Elizabeth Schumann and Delia Rheinhardt. There was a serious dearth of tenors, among whom only Walter Kirchoff can be honourably mentioned. I heard Mr. Walter Widdop sing Seigfried in English the other day infinitely better than any of our foreign visitors. If only this young singer can be saved from the ruin of premature success and can gain experience in a wider field, he ought to become one of the bright stars of the near future.

When it came to the Italian season London got its deserts with a vengeance. There were occasional oases such as the Gilda of Maria Ivognen and Alfred Picaver's beautiful tenor voice. But, in the main, it has been a dreary round of Puccini's sticky sweetmeats with the strong tunes of early Verdi (not, with the exceptions mentioned, very well sung) to delight us and with Ravel's *l'Heure Espagnole* (again not well done) as a sop to the high-brows. I must confess to a sufficiency of hypsocephalism to enjoy this trifle. The libretto is exceedingly witty and carries it off by its sheer naughtiness where the music fails. In the final quintet both are amazingly successful. Mr. Ravel has once more been the hero of a one-man concert during the season and again, in spite of better conditions, the affair fell rather flat. Two hours of this finicking music, which is as silver tinsel to Liszt's gilt, exposes too plainly the small edge of its composer's mind. A little of it is charming, delicate, ear-tickling. But one soon tires of its deliberately cold glitter. The new piece for solo violin, called *Tzigane*, which was played by Miss Jelby d'Aranyi, caused very little excitement. It is a hotch-potch of all the Hungarian fiddlesticks ever thought of by Hubay and Joachim and the rest, cleverly enough put together. But how long, O Lord, how long will it take this particular school of composers to learn that music cannot live by cleverness alone?

Dyneley Hussey.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK

There is a crown waiting for Igor Stravinsky in America. It is slightly worn, but still in good repute, the property of a great dynasty that numbers among its kings, Paul Whiteman, "Babe" Ruth, Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. As it is always a "movie" season and a Tschaikowsky season, in America, this has been in the concert annals, a year of Stravinsky and Jazz. The celebrity complex applied to art. The "star system" which makes the size of the electric signs the final criterion.

The sudden appreciation of Stravinsky is fashionable, but otherwise inexplicable. The orchestras vied with each other to play him. The "Chant du Rossignol" was given four times in two days. And "L'Oiseau du Feu" and "Renard" and "Histoire du Soldat". As a climax came the Boston Symphony's performance of the "Sacre du Printemps" the sensation of the New York season, equaled only by the success of the Ziegfeld Follies or "The Covered Wagon". The glorification, it would seem, of the American girl, the American scene, and the American appreciation of the exotic. "Whom the Gods would destroy" as the merry wags say, "they first make popular."

Portly dowagers who were probably responsible for Muck's wartime dismissal, found the sensuous beauty of the "Sacre" devastating. Their husbands, the tired businessmen, rapped their canes on the floor and stamped and cheered. Why? Not because it was a master work of musicianship. Not because of its esoteric appeal to the emotions... Because it was by Stravinsky and Stravinsky is the Pan of the tea tables whose great God is Jazz.

Jazz, in America, has always been a nouveau riche social climber, powerful, but not received in the best society. We listened to it day and night on the gramophone, in the cabarets, but a little shamefacedly. It wasn't music. We wanted American music, but a real aesthetic movement, something with a title like the "Groupe des Six", something that could be labeled "Expressionismus", or a least be written in quarter tones. Jazz could never be played at concerts. Its appeal was too universal. It had no continental distinction.

And then Europe discovered Jazz. Darius Milhaud was so impressed by "our American music" that he incorporated a number of characteristic motifs into his "La Creation du Monde". Igor Stravinsky believes that Jazz is a special form of modern art and to prove it wrote an original Jazz piece. The American composers, those with pretensions even, succumbed. Emerson Whithorne's "New York Days and

Nights" was based on jazz themes. Ernest Schelling's "Victory Ball" has tell-tale rhythms and two of the newer American ballets, John Alden Carpenter's "Krazy Kat" and Cole Porter's "Within the Quota", bow to the national folk-music.

Jazz had arrived and in its wake followed the jazz composers. Eva Gauthier at her Aeolian Hall concert sang songs by Bela Bartok, Paul Hindemith, Arthur Bliss, Darius Milhaud and with them Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and George Gershwin. George Gershwin, who, until then, had been known as the young song writer whose "Swannee" sold a couple of million copies, accompanied her and, overnight, he became the "young white hope of American music".

For the second jazz concert of the season, the Aeolian Hall debut of Paul Whiteman, the dance king and his jazz orchestra, Mr. Gershwin wrote a new composition with a slyly ironical title, the "Rhapsody in Blue". "Blues" is the name given to the characteristic jazz themes, the prolonged, plangent notes of the saxophone, with their almost uncanny combination of decadence and naiveté. And the "Rhapsody in Blue" was the first attempt to interpret /jazz in the external forms of pure music.

It is a work of distinct promise, with strange harmonies developed in the peculiar jazz technique of which Gershwin is a master. But it is not complete. It is an encouraging experiment. Written in three weeks, on order, with the orchestration merely indicated, it could not possibly be the overwhelming chef-d'œuvre which our self conscious critics pretend it to be. If Gershwin had orchestrated it himself. If he had made a more fluent combination of the orchestral and piano parts .. but he gained fame and now he is still young enough to attempt something more complete and just as characteristic.

The popularity of the jazz concerts, their sudden accession to academic honours, reveals, a bit cruelly perhaps, but clearly, the psychology of the concert audiences. Trained to go to concerts, as an advertisement of culture, they sit with a studied air of preoccupation and, afterwards, comment lightly or eruditely, but always a little ambiguously. At the jazz concert, there was, for the first time, a lack of pretention in concert-going. They were frankly and openly enjoying the music. There was no longer a need for excuse for it. Jazz had already been interpreted as the pinnacle of modern art by half a dozen authorities. It was music to which you could beat time and tap your foot. It had tunes you could hum as you left the hall. It was fashionable. It was highbrow and it was amusing... The perfect concert And America rushed, as only America can, to hear it.

There was some subtle difference between Paul Whiteman's orchestra playing Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Chanson Indoue" at the Palais Royal, for dancing and at Aeolian Hall, for serious music lovers. People who had scorned "blues" in the cabaret,

joined the cult of the saxophone and cheered in the concert hall. And then there were names for new ikons. In the sacred niches of the concert gods were placed Paul Whiteman and George Gershwin and Irving Berlin.

It was not sacrilege. Jazz was cannonized, but then, there was a reason for it. Enjoyment does not excuse a cult. It must also have an educational force. In jazz that was rather difficult to find, but eventually it was discovered. Jazz introduced the great public to the masterpieces of classical composition. Not always legitimately, true, but the results were the same. Crowds in the streets went about humming the second movement of Chopin's C Sharp Minor Fantaisie, but they called it "I am always chasing rainbows" and they sang the "Hallelujah" from the "Messiah", that was called "Yes, we have no bananas". It was a relief to be permitted to enjoy jazz. There was Tschaikowsky, of course one enjoyed Tschaikowsky, but here was the added virtue of encouraging home talent.

And Stravinsky, well Stravinsky is coming to America. He will play his new piano concerto. The Leagues and Guilds of Composers will present some new "Renard" or "Histoire du Soldat". The Metropolitan opera is reviving "Petrouschka". When Stravinsky comes he will be swamped by hero-worshippers. He will know how it feels to carry the glories of Charlie Chaplin or "Babe" Ruth, the "home run king" of baseball. A national idol. It is rather difficult. Especially when, like the tale of three men in a boat, the crooning undertone is Stravinsky, Tschaikowsky and Jazz.

Henrietta MALKIEL.

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